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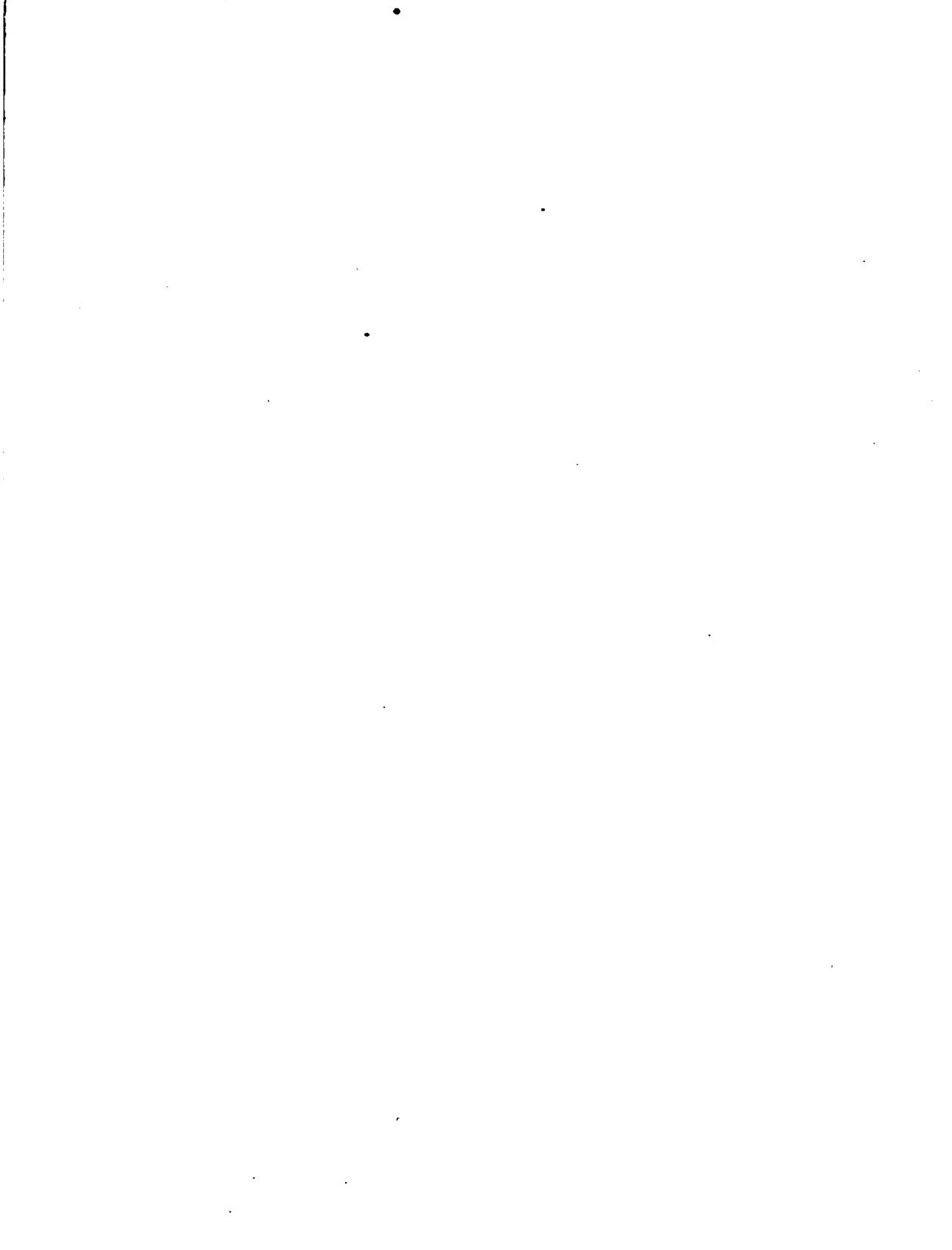
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A

G O L D E N M I R R O U R.

CONTEINING

CERTAINE PITHIE AND FIGURATIVE VISIONS
PROGNOSTICATING GOOD FORTUNE TO ENGLAND, AND ALL TRUE ENGLISH SUBJECTES,
WITH AN OVERTHROWE TO THE ENEMIES.

WHERETO BE ADJOYNED CERTAINE PRETIE POEMES WRITTEN ON THE NAMES OF
SUNDRIE BOTH NOBLE AND WORSHIPFULL.

BY RICHARD ROBINSON,
OF ALTON.

REPRINTED FROM THE ONLY KNOWN COPY OF THE ORIGINAL EDITION OF 1589
IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM,

WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

THE REV. THOMAS CORSER, M. A., F. S. A.,
RURAL DEAN, RECTOR OF STAND, LANCASHIRE, AND VICAR OF NORTON,
NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

PRINTED FOR THE CHETHAM SOCIETY.

M.DCCC.LI.

MANCHESTER:
PRINTED BY T. BOWLER, ST. ANN'S SQUARE.

INTRODUCTION.

AS Cheshire forms one of the Counties within the peculiar province of the Chetham Society, the Editor has been induced to undertake the reprinting of a work, consisting of poetical addresses to many of its by-gone proprietors, the representatives of some of its ancient families in the time of Elizabeth. An attentive examination of the volume induced him to believe that many others besides himself would derive gratification from its perusal and possession : some from local affection and associations, and others from their attachment to early English poetry and literature. To each of these, this volume will have its attractions : for though the lines are occasionally rough, unmeasured, and uncouth, there is much strength in the expressions, and a high tone of morality and religion pervades the whole : and in the terms which are used, and in the construction adopted, will be found objects of interest

to those, who are fond of tracing the progress of our language at a period when it was moulding itself into form, and approaching to the vigour of its maturity.

Richard Robinson, the author of these “pithie and figuratiue Visions,” is merely called by Proctor, their purchaser and publisher, “a Gentleman of the North Countrey,” but whatever may have been the county that gave him birth, of which we have no positive or direct evidence, it is quite clear from that contained in the work itself, that Cheshire was that part of the North, with which the author was more immediately connected; for almost all the poems are “rare inuentions pend vpon the Ethimologie of the names, of diuers worthy personages inhabiting the gentle natured countrey and Countie of Chester,” whom he commends for various good qualities and virtues, with a feeling of partiality and affection not usually exhibited towards any district, with which the eulogist does not happen to have some close personal connexion. And as he generally uses the term “countrey” for county, it is probable that he means to limit his expression to Cheshire, when he desires his reader, to “iudge upon the sense, if hee haue knowledge to vnderstand me, according to my good and faythfull meaning to my Countrey.” About the name of the Author of these Visions there is no doubt, though Proctor does not mention it, and he himself does not subscribe it to his “Epistle to the gentle Reader,” for he is twice addressed as Robinson in “the last Dreame that Morpheus did shewe vnto” him; and the initials of the lines of “The Authours name in Verdict” disclose to us

the letters RICHARD ROBINSON OF ALTON. Mr. Hawkins is of opinion that by Alton is probably intended Halton in Cheshire, and that it is not unlikely that the scene of the second poem in this volume was laid in that neighbourhood; at least the Author's description of the scenery agrees well with that of Halton Castle, which is situated upon the loftiest eminence of that district, overlooking a rich and well wooded country, and commanding most extensive and beautiful prospects:—

“And I myselfe then weary of my booke,
To be partaker of the pleasant ayre :
Into a forrest fast by the way I tooke,
Wherein my sight, did hautie hills appeare :
And rocky towers, did scale the loftie skyes,
Whom underneath, deepe dales and dymbles lyes.”

The Editor, however, is more inclined to think that the place here intended, is Alton in Staffordshire, which, standing upon the summit of a lofty hill, overhanging the deep valley of the Churnet, and commanding wide and extended views over the surrounding country, equally well accords with the description of the scenery alluded to in the poem. He is not aware that Halton in Cheshire, even from the earliest period to the present, is ever seen written without the initial letter H; whilst the Author's connexion with the noble family of the Talbots, the ancient possessors of the Manor and Castle of Alton in Staffordshire, and from whence they were accustomed to draw their retainers, would seem to render it more than probable that he was a native of this place. Unfortunately the Editor has not been able

to verify this conjecture by any direct evidence, the Parochial Registers at Alton not commencing till 1681, although the name of Robinson occurs frequently in the same. Search has also been made for his will, but equally without effect. So that whether he was a native of Cheshire or Staffordshire, or what were the peculiar circumstances which brought him into contact with the particular families in Cheshire alluded to by the Poet, and which it appears were all allied to each other by marriage or otherwise, must, he fears, be left after all to conjecture. Of Robinson's biography little also is known, or probably can be collected beyond the inferences drawn from this volume. From another of his publications, we learn that he was a servant in the household of the Earl of Shrewsbury, and that he took his turn in holding watch and ward over the unfortunate and captive Queen of Scots, who was under the Earl's custody from 1568 to 1584. This metrical work, entitled "*The Rewarder of Wickednesse, discoursing the sundrye monstrous abuses of wicked and ungodly Worldelings*," 4to. 1573, he dates from his "chamber in Sheffield castle, The xix of Maie, 1574," and he informs us that it was composed to beguile the time during the dreary hours of keeping guard. He mentions this as being his *second* publication, but what was the title or nature of the first he does not state, and therefore we can only conjecture. But the Editor thinks it not improbable that his first work was "*The ruefull Tragedie of Hemidos and Thelay*," the license for printing of which was granted to Henry Bynneman in 1569-70.—See Collier's *Extracts from the Reg. Stat. Comp.* v. 1, p. 220.—

The Editor has in his possession a small fragment of this work, consisting of four leaves only, printed in *bl. lett.*, forming part of sheet L, in eights, the running title of which is “The tragedie of Hemydos and Thela.” It is in rhyme, and the characters introduced in this part are Thares and Cilo. As no other copy of this drama is known, the curious reader will perhaps pardon a short extract from this rarity.

“ And see eche houre, how some full low
aboue the cloudes doth ryse.
Yet sodaine ioy, doth neuer come,
but sorrow hath bene before,
Els sorrow from ioy had not beene knownen,
nor ioy from sorrowes lore.
Without experiance who is wyse,
and understanding too
Whiche giues the light, in things obscure,
to proue them fals or true.
And specially with him that's wyse
and worldly trades doth know,
His measured head, in such affayres,
the end doth wel foreshow.
Aduersitye, nor troublesome dayes,
thoughe nigh the hart they sit,
Yet wisedome can, long raynes prouide,
to ease the narrow byt.
Why thus you see, by dayly use
the Heauens, the earth and wynde,
Doth varrye from their former state
that nature hath assinde.
And suffereth dayly great outrage,
and stormes that troubleth sore,

And yet in time, the furye slakes,
and God doth rest restore.
Sometime the skyes, great fyerye flames
unto the earth doth send,
With thondering clouds, and stormes of snowe,
our Sūmers fruite to spend.
And raging rayne, that fluds makes wild
the soyle to ouer flow,
With blustering blastes, that gagged makes
the woods that greene did grow
And wynter cold, at whom doth shryncle
all things that life doth beare,
That for to lyue, and scape the death
almost they do dispayre.
And yet at last, comes Sommer fresh,
and eche thing maketh glad,
That erst to lyue, this world within,
both care and sorrow had.
Thus God doth giue, and also take,
none can diispose but hee,
Whose iudgement from, and mighty dome,
none quicke, nor dead can flee.
For why, you know, if fortune should
stand alway in one stey,
The world it selfe, and all things els,
you know would soone decay."

In 1587 "*The Golden Mirrour*" was purchased by Proctor, who does not appear to have had any personal acquaintance with the Author, as he merely states of him, that he "understood him to be a gentleman of the north country," and it was probably either very near or after

Robinson's death that these Poems were sold to the publisher, for the concluding lines of the volume declare that he was then advanced in years, labouring under infirmity, and hastening to his end.

“ My dayes I see, are vayne on earth, my time doth steale away,
My youth is past, and age drawes neare, my health doth still decay.
My lennow limmes grow dry and stiffe, my bones be full of payne,
My former pleasures workes me woe, I chaunge to dust againe.”

This Richard Robinson must not be confounded with another person of the same name, living at the same period, who was also the author of several productions in prose and verse. The latter was a “free citizen” of London, where he constantly resided, and appears to have supported himself by translating various treatises from the Latin and other tongues, to which were prefixed dedications to several eminent characters in Church or State, from whom he calculated on receiving handsome largesses in return, a mode of literary reward very frequently resorted to in those days. In the British Museum is a very curious manuscript written by him, containing an account of all his printed works, drawn up by himself at different times, from 1599 to 1603. It is a folio volume extending to seventy-nine pages, very closely written, the margins of each page being filled up with numerous quotations from Scripture, or from Latin authors, exhibiting the writer's pedantry, and shewing also the precarious nature, at that time, of an author's existence who was dependent upon his pen for his daily support. It is among the Royal MSS. No. 18. A lxvi,

and is entitled “*Robinsons Eupolemia, Archippus, and Panoplia: that ys to say, His good Warrfare agenst Satan, and his malignant Spirites; His good Soldyer agenst the Flesh, the Lustes, and Concupiscences therof: And his Complet Harness agenst the Worlde, and the Wickednes and Wretchednes therof.*—Conteyning a true Catalogue of all his pore paynefull laboures, translated, collected allso printed and published, and præsented in English, by Authority: Shewyng allso What good Benefactors hee hathe had, for meyntenance of his sayde pore Study and Peine; and What hynderances hee hathe had other wyse, from the yeare of oure Savyour Christe, 1576, vntill this yeare 1602, for 26 Yeares:—Newly written oute to the glory of God, Honour of the ^{Kinges} Queenes moste Excellent Maiesty, Comfort of the Faythfull, and Conversion or Subversion of theyr Enemyes by Ry: Robinson London.”

It appears that this MS. was originally intended to have been addressed to Queen Elizabeth, but the Author not meeting with any encouragement for his former works from her Majesty, whose bounty was employed in other directions, and whose liberality was not remarkable in the encouragement of literary genius, it was afterwards altered to suit her Royal successor. We learn also from the MS. that besides Queen Elizabeth, Lord Chancellor Egerton, and Richard Bancroft, Bishop of London, appear to have stopped their ears against the voice of this charmer, and to have refused him any benefactions. His remarks upon

this subject are quaint and curious, and his melancholy and querulous account of himself, and the expressions of his feelings would furnish an interesting chapter in the calamities of authors. He had dedicated a former work, a third portion of what he termed, “*The Harmony of King Davids Harp*,” to the Queen, and had presented a copy of it in person to her Majesty on All Saints’ Day, the first of November, 1595, at the Palace of Richmond, as she was going to Chapel in the morning, and at the same time solicited some pecuniary relief. The answer of the thrifty Queen is too characteristic to be omitted. “Your Maiesty thancked me for my good will;—your Highnes was glad you had a subiect coulde do so well, and that I deserued commendacions. But for my gratification for any suche labours, youre Maiesty was not in mynde as then to bestow any suche relieve vpon mee:—for your Highnes had care of the chargeable Voyage* to come, of releving youre nedy soldyers, and requyting of theyr paynes. Fynally youre Highnes sett me not on Worck, and therefore you were not to pay me any Wages.”

The account he gives of himself, and of the privations he encountered after this disappointment, are exceedingly curious, and painfully exhibit the distress he experienced.

“Herewith,” says he, “I departed from yo^r Highnes Court at Richmond pacyently as a pore man before, but now (by this meanes) become a porer. Es nunc pauperior, qui pauper tunc Emiliane. Martialis lib. 5. For I founde now, mo inconvenyences

* The Expedition to Cadiz.

(by wanting my present releef) then ever I felte before in my lyfe tyme, or at leaste synce I coulde first handle my penn : For my penury was so greate, that take what paynes I coulde with my pen at home, and otherwyse wryting for my frendes abroade in the Citye Yea and allso utter as many of these Bookes as I coulde for halfe a yeare after, trubling my good Benefactors (longer then eyther I thought I shoulde or willingly woulde haue done) all was litle ynough and too-to litle, to meynsteyne mee, my Wyfe, and one pore Chylde with meate, drincke, Lynnen, Wollen, Rent, and Necessaryes even very meanely : So as before youre Maiestyes Royall Navy went to Cadiz in June followyng 1596 I (still wanting my sayd releef) had sold away certeyne of my howsehould moveables, pawned away dyverse good bookes oute of my Chest, allso my very gowne from my back, yea, and (within two yeaeres after) was constrainyd to sell away the very Leasse of my howse, wherin I then dwelt in Harp Alley in Shoe Lane, for the Rent paying due to the Landlord at Michaelmas 1598.”

He speaks also of having been a suitor two years before unto her Majesty “for one of the Twelve Allmose Rowmes at Westminster in your Highnes dispocicion and beeyng then voyde.” But his applications, which are related in the MS. at some length, and with many curious particulars, were all apparently fruitless ; and we are unable to state whether he became more successful under the pedantic successor of Elizabeth, whose patronage of literary men was more free and encouraging, or how long he lived afterwards. He seems to have been intimate with Churchyard the poet, and to have been joined with him in the production of one or more of his works. He is mentioned by that writer, in his book entitled “*A true Discourse histo-*

ricall of the succeeding Governours in the Netherlands," 4to. **bl. lett.** 1602, as "Richard Robinson, a man more debased by many then he merits of any, so good parts are there in the man :" and to the second part of Robinson's work on Prince Arthur, entitled "*The Auncient Order, Societie, and Unitie Laudable of Prince Arthur, and his Knightly Armory of the Round Table,*" 4to. **bl. lett.** Lond. by John Wolfe, 1583, Churchyard prefixed a poem "in praise of the Bowe and commendation of this Booke."

It is remarkable that all the works published by this Richard Robinson, amounting to more than twenty, and of some of which there were several impressions printed, are now become exceedingly scarce. Of one of them, his translation of the Latin *Gesta Romanorum*, he informs us that seven editions of the work were printed between 1577 and 1602. "Of these seven editions," says Sir Frederick Madden, in his Introduction to the *Gesta Romanorum*, printed for the Roxburghe Club, p. xviii, "so scarce are they become, Mr. Douce never beheld more than one, namely that of 1595, a copy of which he himself possessed ; and since his decease I have seen a copy of the sixth. The popularity of Robinson's book at this period is evident not only from the number of editions, but from the frequent allusions to it in the writers of the time, and to the same cause we may probably attribute the disappearance of the copies." P. xviii. Mr. Haslewood also in two long articles in the *Brit. Bibliogr.*, v. 1, pp. 109 and 125, has alluded to the great rarity of another of his works, "*The Life, Actes*

and Death of the most Noble, Valiant, and Renowned Prince Arthure, King of Great Brittaine," &c., 4to. bl. lett. 1582, but has evidently been guilty of a mistake in confounding the writer of this volume with the other Richard Robinson, who was serving in the household of the Earl of Shrewsbury. He is also, we think, in error in supposing that this was a servitude in any menial capacity, the expression meaning simply that he was a gentleman holding some respectable office in that nobleman's establishment. The latter work, "*The Life, &c. of Prince Arthur*" is mentioned in the MS. catalogue of his publications, but not one word is said about "*The Rewarde of Wickednesse*," or "*A Golden Mirrour*," and Ritson is unquestionably wrong in assigning these two publications to the "Citizen of London."

This person has been supposed, but without any positive authority, to be the father of Richard Robinson, one of the principal actors in the Plays of Shakespeare, and as such included in the list published in the first folio edition. He was celebrated by Ben Jonson for his performance of female characters,—was one of the twelve included in the patent to the King's Players by James I. in 1619,—and was for a long time supposed to have been killed by Major Harrison at the siege of Basing House in 1645. But Mr. Collier has satisfactorily proved, from the Parish Register of St. Anne's, Blackfriars, that he was buried there on the 23rd March, 1647-8, and that the person killed at Basing House, in 1645, was an actor of the name of *William* Robinson.—See Collier's "*Memoirs of the Prin-*

cipal Actors in the Plays of Shakespeare," printed for the Shakespeare Society, 1846.

We trust our readers will not consider this digression unnecessarily extended. It was, in fact, a natural episode in the history of our Author, who has been so frequently confused with his namesake, the more voluminous writer. We now return to the Author of the present volume. Allusion has been made in the Notes to a work mentioned by Robinson in his second Vision, entitled, "*The poore Knight his Pallace of private Pleasures,*" &c., 4to. *bl. lett.* 1579. In this volume, which, as we have there observed, is of the most extreme rarity, Robinson is twice addressed by name; once in the first Poem, called "*The Vale of Venus,*" &c., in the following lines :

"Oh sir (quoth I to him) which was my carefull guide
In all the Mount the like to this, I haue not seene beside.
Quoth Morpheus this is shee which all the Church beguilde
Whom all men thought to bee a man, till that shee had a childe
Pope Joane shee hath to name, whom once within the Lake
I shewed unto *Robinson*, as our viage wee did make :"

and the second time in "*The poore Knight his farewell to his Booke,*" thus :

"If *Robinson*, which hath no cause to feare
Did stand in dout, that hee should haue a rome :
Where *Cheryll* keepes, that hee I say euen there,
Should stand and tell, what Poets thither come :
Behinde the doore, there *Cheryll* tels his case,
And whippes the dogges out of that sacred place.

If hee I say, this infamy did feare
Which hath deserued, such fame in English coast
Then farewell Booke," &c.*

This book is said to be “written by a Student in Cambridge, and published by J. C. Gent,” who dates his introductory Address to the Reader “From his Chamber in Grayes Inne.” The Editor of the reprint of this work for the Roxburghe Club, observes that “no assiduity of research has recovered the Author’s name; and of the numerous Cambridge men, whose names or initials occur throughout the volume, with the exception of Thomas Tur. (who is probably Thomas Turberville), not one can be traced, even in Cole’s extensive *Alphabetical Collections for an Athenæ Cantabrigienses*.” On a careful examination of this reprint, the Editor has been struck with the great resemblance between the last poem in the “*Golden Mirrour*,” and several of those contained in this volume. The similarity of the way in which Robinson’s name is introduced in both,—the numerous classical allusions they contain—the remarkable resemblance of many of the words and phrases made use of—and other particularities common to both;—all tend to induce a supposition

* The above quotation regarding Robinson, which has also been given by Mr. Collier in his “*Extracts from the Registers of the Stat. Comp.*,” vol. 2, p. 88, is far from clear, especially without the context. We presume that “Cheryll” must mean the poet Chœrilus, the friend of Alexander, who was famed for writing so many bad, and so few good verses.—*Horat. Ep.*, lib. 2, 1, v. 282.—“That sacred place” we take to be the temple of Poetry or of the Muses.

that Robinson himself might possibly be the Author of “*The poore Knight*,” &c., and that he was the “Student of Cambridge,” but unwilling that his name should be known. The reader will observe that there is an interval of fifteen years unaccounted for between the publication of Robinson’s second known work in 1574, and “*The Golden Mirrour*” which may be called the third in 1589. We know nothing of his early life, nor whether he was a student of Cambridge or not. But it is not improbable that he may have written other works during that long period, a fact which, even if true, we cannot now ascertain with any certainty,—and the date of “*The poore Knight*,” &c., would well correspond with this supposition. It is only by accident we could hope for any actual proof of the truth of this conjecture; but, at all events, there appears to be no valid reason against its conditional acceptance. Mr. Collier, whose opinion on these subjects is deserving of the highest consideration, is inclined to believe that I. C. was the Author of the Book, and that the imputation of it to a Student in Cambridge, was only a blind;—in the same way that we now often see books written by persons who merely profess to edit them, just to avoid a little of the responsibility of authorship. Mr. Collier is of opinion that “some of the poems have considerable merit, and are biographically interesting: and that several of the most favourable specimens of the writer’s abilities are imitations of Gascoigne and other earlier versifiers.”

The Editor has been unable to procure a sight of “*The Rewarde of Wickednesse*,” which is not in the British

Museum, the Bodleian Library, neither, as far as he is aware, in any other of our public Libraries, nor can he trace more than two copies having been sold, one of which was in the valuable Collection of Mr. Heber, and was disposed of at that gentleman's sale, Part 4, 2411, for £5. 2s. 6d. It is said in the *Brit. Bibliogr.*, vol. 1, p. 110, to be "a dull metrical compilation," and it is stated that in one of the prefixes to this volume, a Richard Smith, Clerk, extols "this Robinson the rubi red," alluding to "*Robinson's Ruby, an Historicall fiction, translated oute of Latin prose into English Verse: with the prayer of the moste Christian Poet Ausonius,*" 8vo. **bl. lett.** Printed by John Charlewood in the Barbican, 1577. This statement tends to add to the confusion between the two Richard Robinsons, and shews that even in those days, the distinctive claims of these two writers were not fully understood. For though Smith in his commendatory verses attributes this work to the Author of "*The Rewarde of Wickednesse,*" it is quite certain that it was written by the Citizen of London, being the second book enumerated in his manuscript "*Eupolemia.*" It is possible that Smith having seen "*The Ruby,*" with the name of Richard Robinson attached to it, might have concluded at once that it was composed by his own friend, and might not be aware that there was any other writer of the same name.

This little volume appears to have been quite unknown to all collectors. Herbert, in the most extensive list he could form of the works printed by that very refractory subject Roger Ward, does not mention it; nor does Ritson

notice it under the works of Richard Robinson. The history of the particular copy, which is here reprinted, and which is probably unique, is somewhat remarkable. Some years ago the late eminent bookseller, Mr. Rodd, passing by one of the general repositories for every sort of ware, in the neighbourhood of Saffron Hill, saw lying open in the window a black letter volume, which he found to contain several curious and rare tracts. On inquiring its price, the owner of the shop immediately placed it in a pair of scales, and weighing it said it was threepence three farthings. Not having a farthing he gave the man fourpence, who returned him the odd farthing, and Mr. Rodd carried off his prize in triumph. On examination he found it to contain some rare pieces by Greene, one or two by Rowlands, Breton, Decker, &c., and this tract by Robinson. He afterwards sold the volume to Mr. Heber, for fifty pounds, who, dividing the several pieces in it, had them bound separately, and at his sale in 1834, they brought large sums. By Mr. Heber's directions the present volume was neatly clothed in orange morocco, and at the sale of that gentleman's library, Part 4, 2413, it was purchased by Mr. Hawkins's advice for the British Museum, where it is now deposited.

In the following reprint the original edition has been followed page for page, the orthography has been preserved, and so also has the punctuation, though it appears very erroneous; but it must be remarked, that the Author or the Printer has placed stops very generally with reference to the metre, rather than to the sense, and frequently to its manifest injury. It has not been thought necessary to

copy the Printer's ornaments, which occur rarely, and have neither signification nor elegance. The device in the title page consists of "a pheasant couchant on a wreath in a compartment with R W on the sides." The meaning of this device we have not been able to detect: in 1582 Ward resided by Holborn conduit at the sign of the Talbot,—in 1590 at the Purse in the Little Old Bailey,—and in 1595 at the Castle in Salisbury Court. In 1589 he lived near Old Fish Street, on Lambeth Hill, and as far as we have been able to discover, this device only occurs in books dated 1589 and 1590, and it may, therefore, have been his sign during his Lambeth residence. The wreath and the crescent upon the neck of the pheasant give it the appearance of a crest, but we cannot trace this bird in any armorial bearings connected with the name of Ward or Warde; for he spells his name in both ways, even in the same volume.

Mr. Hawkins, the highly respected Keeper of the Antiquities in the British Museum, entertained the intention some years ago of reprinting this poetical tract, and had made some preparations for editing it. But other objects intervening, he was kind enough to place his memoranda in the hands of the present Editor. To Mr. Hawkins, therefore, the Reader is indebted for a portion of the information contained in the Notes, and also for some of the remarks introduced in the Preface. The Editor begs to return his grateful acknowledgments to that Gentleman for these communications, and for the ready and unvarying kindness he has ever received from him. He has also to

offer his thanks to John Payne Collier, Esq., F.S.A., for one or two useful suggestions, and for the information concerning "*A poore Knight his Pallace of priuate Pleasures*," &c., 4to. 1579, and to Beriah Botfield, Esq., F.S.A., of Norton Hall, Northamptonshire, for the loan of his copy of the Roxburghe Reprint of that interesting tract.

It is a source of great regret to the Editor, that notwithstanding his numerous and extended researches, the notices he has been able to collect of the Author of the following work should be so meagre; but it must be remembered that disappointment is the rule, not the exception, in most of the biographical inquiries respecting literary men of the time of Queen Elizabeth. In general, it is only by the merest accident that any satisfactory particulars of the lives of our early authors can be recovered, and the Editor feels little apology necessary to the Members of the Chetham Society, for the want of information which it is probably now impossible for any one to supply. It is only requisite to add in conclusion, that the literary additions to the present Reprint have been collected with as much assiduity as the Editor's limited time would permit. They are no doubt susceptible of being worthily increased; but it is humbly hoped that the Reader will find most of what is really necessary for the due elucidation of the Text, and with this hope he leaves it in the hands of the Members.

T. C.

A Golden Mirrour.

Conteining certaine

Pithie and figuratiue Visions
prognosticating good fortune to England.

and all true English Subiectes,

with an ouerthrowe to

the enemies.

VVHERE TO BE ADI oy ned

certaine pretie Poemes written on

the names of sundrie both

noble and wor-

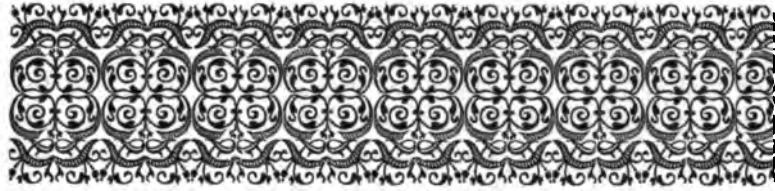
shipfull.



LONDON,

1589. Printed by *Roger Ward* for Iohn Proctor,
and are to be sole at his shope vpon
Holborne Bridge.

1589.



¶ To The Honorable, Lord GILBERT TALBOT,
SONNE AND HEIRE TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE,
THE EARLE of Shrevvisbury, Knight of the
most noble order of the Garter. &c.
Increase of honqur, and
all felicitie.



Hereas about tvvo yeaeres past, I chaunced
to haue offered me this present Treatise,
vvhiche though I then accepted and gaue
money for: yet, dreadyng least I might be
ouer rashe in committynge it to the Print,
especially before I had fully seene into the
end and purpose of the vwriter, vvhom I vnderstood to bee
a Gentleman of the North Countrey: yet novv after long
deliberation, I finding this same both pleasaunt and profit-
able, haue aduentured the charge of Printyng it. Pleasaunt
I say it is in regard of the inuention, and the more to be
esteemed of, considering that it foretold (as it vvere) the
comming of the Spanyards and their ouerthrovv to our great
vnspeakable good. Profitable it is in respect of example:
for here among the due prayses of many, those tvvo most
noble and loyall men your good honorable Father I meane,
and the like right honorable the Earle of Darby, are set as
spectacles or looking glasses, vvh herein all men may see a

EPISTLE DEDICATORIE.

liuely pourtrayture of right Noble myndes in deede, for the right of their Countreys vveale beyng most vigilant and studious. Hereto bee adioyned of the foresayd Authours doyng also, certaine Verses penned vpon the name of my Lord Straunge, and sundry others, vpon the names of diuers vvorshipfull, vvhiche, for that they are tending vnto vertue and prettie inuentions full of vvittie sentences, I haue thought good to adde vnto the former Treatise.

If any vvill contend, that such graue matters as in the former part be intreated of, ought not be expressed vnder a colour of Dreames, let him but read Cicero his worke *De somnio Scipionis*, & he shall find there most graue & pithie matters, touching the vwell vsage of a Common vveale, concerning the vnstablenesse and inualiditie of riches in comparisyon to vertue, vvith the blessed ende of good men, and the vvofull miserie of the vvicked, all effectually discoursed vnder the name of a Dreame. Now my humble suite is that your honour vvill vouchsafe to take on you the patrofinie of this Treatise, to vvhom I haue thought best for to dedicate the same, and that you vvill herein respect not so much the slendernesse of the gift, or the vnvor-
thines of the giuer, but will accordyng to your noble curtesie, take in good part the simple good vvill of me your poore suppliant, vwho, though I be able to deserue nothing of your honour, yet vvill I euer pray for your good prospe-
ritie.

Your honors humbly deuote,
JOHN PROCTOR.



¶ THE AUTHOR TO THE
Gentle Reader.

MY vvelbeloued in Christ, I haue made ready for thy reading a number of rare inuentiones pend vpon the Ethimologie of the names, of diuers vworthy personnages inhabiting the gentle natured countrey and Coūtie of Chester: A place planted vwith an infinite number of Gentlemen being of great vvorship, vwho in all their behauours in euery respect, may vvelbe to many countreyes a spectacle, or Mirrour for many vvorshipfull vertues, as dutie to her Maiestie, obeyng the lavves, keeping good hospitallitie, louing and cherishing their seruaunts and poore tenants, vsing liberalitie to all men: being of nature lovly, friendly, and familiar, without any loftie proude stately vwordes or countenaunce to their inferiours, dayly and hourely feeding, and clothyng the poore people that vvant and craue for Christes sake. VVhat shall I say there is no countrey comparable to the same, concerning the vertues aforesayd. If Radamanthus, and Pryapus, did not corrupt some of them vwith their vgly vices. But as the best and most diligent husbandman can not vveede his Corne so cleane hovv precise soeuer he be, but some vvedes, as thyftles, brackens or

THE EPISTLE TO THE READER.

brambles vwill spring vp among the fayrest and most ranckest corne of the vvhole fielde: euen so among many vertues it euer hath bene seene, and euer shalbe that some vices secretly shall lurke in some one corner or other according to the old saying, vvhoso liues vwithout a fault, or vwhat commoditie is vwithout his discommoditie? vvhiche argueth that Cheshyre is not onely for these vices to blamed more then the rest of our Natvie Countrey: VVherefore they are not alone to be condemned: But vvhishing all to be reformed, I beseech thee gentle Reader to beare in mynde his sayings, that vvirit vpon the earth vwith his finger: and cast no more stones, at this gentle Countrey, then thou vwould haue throvven at thy selfe: vvhishing the vvordes vvhiche shall flee out of thy mouth, to be fethered vwith such indifferencie, as both thou, and they may be thankefully receiued among all their vvorships and theirs, vwith the rest of the inhabitaunce of the same soyle. For if necessitie should constraine thee to make triall of the good Nature of this Countrey, thou vouldest not onely finde my reportes to be of troth, but also thou thy selfe shouldest haue iust occasion to speake more in their deserued commendations and prayse then I haue done: vvhiche I leauie to thy gentle iudgement, requesting thee to take in good part these sundry inuentions lately sleeped out of my penne, vvhetherin I haue Poetically set dovvne diuers fictions, vvhiche shall (I trust) be profitable to euery Reader, that vwill indifferently iudge vppon the sence, if hee haue knowldege to vnderstand me, accordyng to my good and faythfull meaning to my Coūtrey: But in these dayes not any thing is more disdained then the trauell of

THE EPISTLE TO THE READER.

the true meaning subiect, to vwrite against a vworldlyng an
Vsurer, a Papist, a Boasting Thrazo, an Extortioner, a
Tel-tale, a Pick-thanke, a Clavvbacke, a Periured person, a
Tirant to his Countrey, or a Traytor, to her Maiesties
Royall person, is so secretly disdayned, and so eniuously
noted of some vvicked vrretches, that by one meanes or
other hee shall not escape an euill displeasure, not a little to
his great detriment and losses, but commonly to his vtter
confusion, all the vvhiche daungers (gentle Reader) doe not
daunt my mynde at all, neither cause my penne to staye
one droppe of incke from paintyng the prayse of the ver-
tuous, or tellyng the troth to the Tyraunt, by familiar
examples of the other euill disposed persons as a caueat
to vvarne the vvicked, and to incourage the godly to perfiste
in vertue, vvhiche I beseech the almighty that vve may all
seeke the path of perfite righteousnesse, desiring to pray
for peace, and to insue the same. To honour and dread
God, obey our soueraigne and gratiouse Lady the
Queenes Maiestie and her lavves, and finally
one to loue another. Thus vvishing
thee and all thine, no vvorfse
then my selfe I cease.

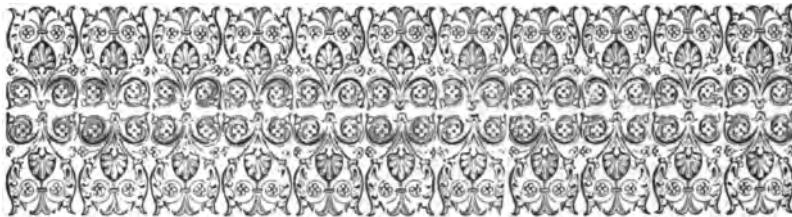




ERRATA.

Epistle to the Reader, L. 7.—Add “be,” to be blamed.
Golden Mirrour, P. 1, Stanza 3, L. 5.—For “houres” read *hours*.
P. 54. L. 18.—For “I” read *Is*.
P. 56. L. 18.—For a “comma” place a *period*.
P. 58. Stanza 5. L. 4.—For “act” read *art*.





*Golden Mirrours, verie significatiue and pithie: with
Verses vpon the Etimologie of the names of
sundrie Noblemen and Gentlemen.*



Hen as the Stately Stagge doth haunt the mountaine toppe,
And secretlye doeth doubt, the Hunters subtille
fleight:

To Marfield forrest, with weary steppes I got,
And Shutlings loe, did scale of monstrous height:
Where fominge brynish flouds in th' occident I see,
And sixe fundry Shyres appeared vnto mee.

Thus gasing in the cloudes, these countreys far to vew,
Meete vnderneath, the mountaine where I was:
The Keepers came, the Stagg for to pursue,
With bended bowes, and grayhounds, more and lesse,
And Gentlemen, with Gentlewomen braue:
That thether came, a huntyng sport to haue.

But or the Course was fet, tyme ware a way apace,
And Boreas breth was blacke, and glummish chill:
Which caused me, to seeke a warmer place,
Underneath a rocke, on the other side the hill:
Where boures three, I am sure that I sette,
And watcht for sport, vntill I fell a sleepe.

B

And

And in this flumbring sleep, the richest Dreame I had,
 A sight of blasing blisse, and glorious Golden show:
 I sawe a virgin, in rich attire clad,
 Whose vertues caused all men her name to know:
 For fame did sounde her iust deserued prayse,
 Whose giftes of grace, her Royall race bewrayes.

A Rose as Ruby red, sprang in this Ladyes hand,
 Whose fragrant taft, perfum'd the loftie aire:
 Three Crownes upon the same, by right did stand,
 Three Princely Lyons, this (Lady) honored there:
 The flower deluces did bow vnto the earth,
 Which did declare a Prince of famous byrth.

And in a galland garden, stood this famous Dame,
 Inuironde round, with brynish waltring waues:
 With mightie mountaines, vaunting in the same,
 And riuers fresh, through valleys passadge craues:
 Where springs doe spoute, whose siluer streams doe gush,
 Through ribs of rockes, them felues doe dayly push.

Many Cities buylt of fame, and honour great,
 Of worship, worthy Townes of riche and manly shoe:
 Wherein me thought, was Julius Cæsars seate,
 With stately buyldings, many thoufands moe:
 Of comely creatures, so populous to view,
 The like was neuer seene, if euery one were trewe.

Of wealth there was no want, but grace there wanted some,
 Will playd such wicked partes, and priuate gayne:
 That in this garden, the poore men feldome wonne,
 And yet there durst not one of them complayne:
 The little fish still flieth from the whale,
 Yet what's deuoured, God Neptune knowes not all.

Then

Then came Morpheus with Linces eyes, in his fist
 Which sparkled like the fire, among the cloudy skyes :
 Hold these (sayd he) and see what ere thou list,
 Nothing can be vnknownen vnto the wife :
 Which when I had, but present in my hand,
 I heard and saw, but scarce could vnderstand.

But by the blasing beames, of Lynces eyes,
 I fawe much more, then Argos many away :
 And heard report, what wordes from him there flies,
 And who they were, that did this dame obey :
 So did I view a vyle and wicked brood,
 That lately dranke, of vglie stigian floud.

From out whose mouthes, they belched bulles of lead,
 Which rored and beld, in th'eares of some by sleight :
 A foxe their fier, a wolfe their supreame head,
 Their frendes are traitors, I know not what they hight :
 Thus still I stood, these nouelties rare to view,
 And warely watcht to see what would infewe.

And as I standing there, to see the same,
 Dropt into doubtfull dumps, of that and this :
 Upon the foddern presently there came,
 A valiant hounde, as white as siluer is :
 And did behold this Lady in the face,
 As one right ready, to obey her grace.

Streight came an Eagle, foring in the skyes,
 With Golden fethers, delighting all mens sight :
 Who stooping straight, fell downe vpon his knees,
 To doe his duetie, thus he left his flight :
 (And sayd) Madame, the Lord preferue thee still,
 Thus doe I pray and haue, and euer will.

This

This Hound and Eagle, with foote and wing so prest,
 In sure seruice vnto this excellent Dame :
 Thoſe that had dronke of Stigian could not rest,
 But by the one or other straight was ta'en :
 No Bull durſt bell, neare where there byding was,
 This noble Hound, no craftie Foxe let paſſe.

A voyce I heard, that all the world did heare,
 That thundered from, the golden trumpe of fame :
 And true report him ſelfe, was present there,
 And made a challenge, to perorme the fame :
 The wordes were theſe, the Lyon well may truſt,
 That Hound and Eagle, that neuer were vniuſt.

They both be ready, alwayes for to obey,
 The Prince and Lawes, they truely loue in heart :
 No blotte of blame, from firſt vnto this day,
 Their banners blanckles, of any euill part :
 Their seruice showes, they ſprang of ſpotles race,
 As at theſe dayes, appeareth by their grace.

And with theſe wordes, the voyce was ceaſt and gone,
 And at the gafe I gaſtly quaking ſtood :
 Birdes, beaſt and foules, in flockes was many a one,
 Whereas a number, ſeem'd of Vipers blood :
 (I iudge yt ſo) because they fought the ſpoyle,
 Of none ſo much, as of their naueie foyle.

Then looking vp and downe, both heere and there,
 To heare report : and vewe with Lynces eyes :
 Me thought that Jupiter, deſcended from the ayre,
 A midd a ſhower, of ſiluer droppes he flies :
 And Saturne followed, with his chollericke looke,
 And furious Mars, his blade, about him ſhooke.

Then

Then Mischief calde, for (treafon vndertrust)
 Helpe now (quoth he) or els I am ore'thrownen :
 Then sayd Jupiter, thou wretched Theefe vniust,
 I am the God, that makes such villaines knownen :
 For treason thou, shalt reape thy iust rewarde,
 And I this Virgin, in prosperous raigne will garde.

Then Eccho, she was cald, that liues in woodes,
 And rocky ragged tours, and Dales with Dymbles deepe :
 Where riuers runne with waltring waues in floudes,
 For that (that she) could neuer counsell keepe :
 Sayd Jupiter, come Eccho, vnto mee,
 Reueile all those these dayes that traitors bee.

But at this word me thought a number fled,
 Some others wishte them fishes in the Sea :
 An other forte began to hyde their head,
 And many other did ambodexter play :
 For Eccho did all traytors trades bewray,
 As Jupiter commaunded, so she did obey.

Thus Eccho charg'd to tel all things that's hard,
 Jupiter commaunded woodes, waters, hilles, and dales :
 Mountaines, medowes and valleys to regarde,
 With cabbins and caues in England and in Wales :
 What people they receiue, sith vipers be abrod,
 That neither honor Prince, ne yet almighty God.

Except you know them, stay them all (quoth hee)
 He charg'd the stones to tell that lye in street :
 So did the Eagle to all the foules that flee,
 Commaunded them to watch, with whom they meete,
 That by your voyce the Serpents may be knownen ;
 That seeke to haue our (onely ioy) ore throwen.

And

And prest accomplere, sayd the noble Hound,
 With sterne and stately countenance all about:
 (All enemies) what soeuer to confound,
 My present seruice shall put you out of doubt:
 In place my person, shall the triall make,
 If any enemy dare, approche the state.

Then Neptune rousde him selfe vpon a rocke,
 Amid the brynish fomyng floudes he fate:
 The gates of all his pallace did vnlocke,
 And send for Triton, his pleasure to relate:
 Whose trumpet foudeth euer in the seas,
 For to declare fuch newes, as Neptune please.

When Triton came, and had his duetie done,
 God Neptune bad him founed his trumpet vp:
 And in the feas commaunde all creatures come,
 That of the fomyng floudes did drinke or fup:
 And tell Caribd and Silla I am here,
 And doe commaunde them, prefently appeare.

Triton trudg'd and founed Trumpet straight,
 At voice wherof, appeared great and small:
 The Seas did mount of mightie monstrous height,
 All liuing creatures attended on the Whale:
 A mightie muster I neuer faw the like,
 It paffeth all my fkill the halfe for to indite.

When all affembled weare before this God,
 Triton founed silence in paine of preſent death,
 And then came Mercurie to charm them with his rod:
 That none durſt ſpeake that time, that beareth breath:
 Thus silence made, quoth Neptune now prepare,
 My pleasure to fulfil, that here my Subiectes are.

Said

Said Neptune, sith to you it's not vnknowen,
 But that on Tellus all my floods do stay :
 On whom I reape the fruites, on earth that's fowen,
 And doe maintaine my state both night and day.
 He sents me word that Vipers are abord,
 That would destroy th'anointed of the Lord.

Which Ladies vertue mooueth all the Gods,
 As Jupiter himselfe for to defend the skyes :
 And to prepare for all her foes such rods,
 As Justice can by any law deuise,
 So that her Foes on earth cannot escape,
 Mark now said Neptune what I will debate.

Then for Eolus, Triton found his Trump,
 Who presently did personaly appeare :
 Who was vpon the sodaine in a dump,
 Till Neptune tolde him softly in his eare.
 Which when he knew, what was the cause indeed,
 He willingly with Neptune did proceede.

And then said Neptune, I charge my furious Flouds,
 To fwell and rage, vp toward the cloudie skies :
 With greedy Jawes deuoure vp their bloods,
 That harme against her noble state deuise.
 To thee Caribdis and Sylla, thus I will,
 That night and day their shippes and them you spill.

Then said Eolus with a blustering blast,
 I for my part shal make their course but short :
 I will breake Anker, Cable, and also Mast,
 So that destruction shall acquite their spott.
 But whom (said Eolus) that it pleafeth you,
 I'le blowe his sailes, the Traitors to pursue.

And

And as this word, Eolus mouth had past,
 God Neptune musing whom to choose therefore :
 The mightie Iupiter sendeth with a blast
 A faithfull Foule, for seas none like of yore.
 A Drake adrest to passe through euery storne,
 To swim the flouds, this Virgins foes to charme.

Then stept out Nature that secretly lay hid,
 And did auouch the choice was by her made :
 And Mars himselfe to take the charge did bid,
 And there withall did giue this Drake his blade :
 And Neptune bad him welcome to the Seas,
 Eolus promist him to blow hys fayles alwayes.

And when this valiaunt Drake receiued charge,
 And to the purpose as before I sed :
 And his commission reachyng wide and large,
 Me thought some foes farre of, hoist fayles and fled :
 An other forte to Crikes began to flye,
 Because they knew they had deserued to dye.

But Drake not dreading, layde to his breft to fwym,
 The fomyng flouds to search for forrain foes :
 The Gods in all exploits were still with him,
 And Eolus in his fayles, a luckie blast still blowes :
 No foe he feares though he can Spanish speake,
 He venters if they byde, their force to breake.

And as I kend him farre, as eyes could scry,
 And all his faithfull followers at that tyme :
 A warlike Winter, appeared in the sky,
 Yet Phebus frendly did vpon them shine ;
 Eolus Furbisher, was ready for to scower,
 The Spanish cloud, that mischief meant to power.

And

And seeing a sight my eyes began to tyre,
 With flouds so furious, and eke so many sayle :
 Streightwayes I heard, and saw such gunnes on fire,
 The trembyng earth, my feete began to fayl :
 The skyes were dimd, the Seas of fire flamd,
 As though this word Rife Deadmen had bene nam'd.

Foes fled that could, some fanke into the Seas,
 The rest prisoners that crau'd of Drake their life :
 An other forte fought boggs and woods for ease,
 Thus Neptunes Drake, by force doth stinte their strife :
 The Gods of this Drake, doe make such a treasure,
 That Sancta Dominga, he had at his pleasure.

Thus fire and smoke, dasht Drake out of my sight,
 But that I heard for ioye the Sirens sing :
 And that I had a glimring of some light,
 Els of this Drake, no other newes I bring :
 But surely the Gods, the helme doo hold,
 Where Drake doth swym : what needeth more be told.

Then turnde I backe, this garden for to view,
 For Morpheus twitcht me sharplly by the eare :
 And sayd it's best, thy charge to looke vnto,
 And with thy pen, let diligence appeare :
 Now shalt thou see (quoth he) a happy sight,
 And comfort that, among the poore doth light.

Whereat I ready for to view the same,
 A number infinite, did presently behold :
 That did reioyce, to heare of vipers tane,
 That fought such mischief, as before I told :
 With singing, ringing and clapping handes they sayd,
 God saue our Noble Queene, our mother and a mayd.

The younglinges leape, like lambes vpon the leyes,
 The lame reioyst, and laught, to heare the newes :
 The poore ploughmen, vnyokt, and present playes,
 The traueller, his iorney doth refuse :
 And all with chearefull voyce did sing and pray,
 God sauе our Noble Queene Elizabeth alway.

The prayers of the poore, did pearce the skyes,
 The ioy of the people, spread ouer all the earth :
 The vertues of the virgin, throughout all kingdomes flyes,
 For all her faithfull subiectes, vnfainedly made mirth :
 Poore clout-shooes gate their clubs, and willingly attend,
 To wreke there mistres cause, both life and good will spend.

The noyse whereof, so founded in the ayre,
 And with the roring cannons on the sea :
 That heauen and earth, in euery part might heare,
 How nigh soeuer, or els how farre away :
 The thumping of the same so frighted me,
 That on the mount I wakened where I ley.

My limmes be numde, as cold as any stone,
 And Phœbus bathing in the Occident floud :
 I could not stand when as I would haue gone,
 My ioynts were froſen, congeled was my bloud :
 Dismounting thus the hill, I did retyre,
 To maister Leigh of Ridge, a Gentle Squyre.

To whom I told my Dreame, both more and leſſe,
 From firſt vnto the laſt in eche degree :
 Who wished me, my pen, for to adrefſe,
 To ſet it downe, that all the world might ſee :
 God ſauē the Queene, (ſaid he) the Eagle, and Noble hound,
 And all that traytors be, almighty God confound.

Amen

Amen (quoth I) and he that would not so,
I wish he were the first, to feele deserued woe.

FINIS.



He Godeffe chast, that Dian hath to name,
Is much abus'd by vermin that deuoure :
In forrest, park, and chace, her galland Game
Is vexed sore, and daungered euery houre :
Which caufieth her, to send for sure Hounds,
To hunt the wolues, out of her Stately Grounds.

When as Aurora with rudie cheekeſ prepareſ,
Her Oriental pallace Phœbus to receiue :
The Chrifṭall ſkyes, vnto the earth declarde,
That Flora would reſtore, what Hyemps did bereue :
Which cauſed birds to brush, them on the bowes,
And many for to walke, their chambers did refuſe.

And I my ſelfe then weary of my booke,
To be partaker of the pleaſant ayre :
Into a forreſt fast by the way I tooke,
Wherein my ſight, did hautie hills appeare :
And rocky towers, did ſcale the loftie ſkyes,
Whom vnderneath, deepe dales and dymbles lyes.

Thus for to feede my gredy eyes at gaze,
By wandring long I weary was at laſt :
Till ſodenly, my witts were in a maze,
My eyes did dazile, and all my ſenſe was paſt :
I fet me downe, a while to rubbe my browes,
The poore Knights pallace of pleaſure to perufe.

But

But in a dreame or trance, that tyme I was,
 As did appeare, by fightes I see full rare :
 I heard such hunting of hounds both more and leffe,
 That scarfe I can, the twenteth part declare :
 And euery hound, was called by his name,
 The Hunters hallowing did declare the same.

The ragged hills and rocky towers reporte,
 By Ecchoes, voyce, the quest of Noble hounds :
 The which to heare, it was a worthy sporte,
 The merry voyce from earth to skyes rebounds :
 The Goddesse, Nymphes, with speedy foote doe follow,
 With sounde of merry horne, most plesantly they hallow.

Thus as I heard this heauenly hunting there,
 I parted from the place, where then I sat :
 To haue a fight, of that which I did heare,
 Vp higher the hill, with expedition gat :
 Where vnder a bush, not farre where I did stand,
 I saw a Nymph with bended bow in hand.

Whose presence then I durst not well approch,
 Her strange attire, and sparkling lookes were such :
 But closly kept me vnderneath a roch,
 Because harme haunteth some for meddling much :
 Thus as I stood to heare this merry quest,
 I heard the names of houndes that hunted best.

The followers shear'd the houndes with mery voyce,
 With pleasant notes of worthy warbling horne :
 And cald vpon the houndes that were of choyce,
 Who leade no chawle, the game they found so warme :
 And many houndes of fundry names there where,
 Of mightie mouthes, so did their found apeare.

I heard

I heard the hunts-man, call on duetie still,
 Obedience raung'd, from duetie quite away :
 Pleasure he ran riot, with his fellow will,
 Rufler rudely rou'd, and would no whit obey :
 Loue well found the perfit, whereat the hunts-man blew,
 And sayd, here Talbot, take it, for thou art euer trew.

Bowman bruisht the brakes, through thicke and thin,
 Diligence followed dutie, with merry open mouth ;
 Yet scarce could duetie bring obedience in,
 He was so rudely raung'd ore farre into the sounth :
 The hunts-man neuer ceast, but hallowed still and blew,
 And sayd, here Talbot, take it, for thou art euer trew.

Findeall, and hold fast, both hunted together,
 Through thicke and thin, both night and day :
 Reuell and ringwood spared no weather,
 Ouer hills and dales, they take the way :
 Whereat the hunts-man, both hallowed and blew,
 And sayd, here Talbot, take it, for thou art stil trew.

Talbot, treasure and trustie, followed duetie fast,
 And louewel laboured lustily night, day, and houre :
 The hunts-man did rechat, with horne a merry blast,
 Dianas Nymphes did follow with al their might and power :
 Thus one, or other, neuer feast but blew,
 And cride, here Talbot, take it, for thou was euer trew.

These hounds hunte together, with a gallant quest,
 But that Mendall was behind aboue a myle or more :
 And fauor hunted counter, with diuers of the rest,
 Which marde some sport, beshrow their harts therfore :
 But to the trusty hounds the hunts man hallowed still & blew,
 And sayd, here Talbot, take it, for thou art euer trew.

The

The wolfe, and foxe, both fled before the hounds,
 The beastly belling bull, lay coucht in cabbin closse :
 And wicked weefels, fled from Britanian grounds,
 The tygar trudgeth, dayly to his losse :
 The hounds quest merrily, the hunts-man euer blew,
 And sayd, here Talbot, take it, for thou art euer trew.

The concord of their cry and merry quest,
 Cauf'd al the hills, and mountaines to rejoyce :
 The rocky woods, recordes both East and West,
 To euery eare, the noble pleafant voyce :
 The Nymphes let arrowes flee, and still the hunts-man blew,
 And sayd, here Talbot, take it, for thou art euer trew.

Thus ouer hills and dales, these hounds did mount,
 Diana in her chariot, followed very fast :
 Till to the quirry, a number out of count,
 Were brought to reapre their iust reward at last.
 Where presently, the Mort the Hunts-man blew,
 And said, here Talbot, take it, for thou art euer trew.

The heads and quarters of these Carrens vile
 I did beholde, where kites and Crowes did eate,
 A marke for many that do themselues exile
 From Dueties doctrine, and deale by deepe deceit.
 For by this same it doth appeare full well,
 That sacred Gods of euerie thing can tell.

The heauens did declare a ioyfull time,
 By christall skies, and Phœbus golden gleimes :
 The Larke aloft into the cloudes doth clime,
 And euery Hunter, his wished pray obtaines.
 Till at the length, away the Hunts-man blew,
 And said, that noble Talbot euermore was trew.

This

This heauenly hearing so delighted me,
 I wisht this hunting last for euermore :
 Most pleasant dreame it was that ere I fee,
 But loe, what lucke did light (alas) therefore,
 A friend of mine by chance that way did passe,
 And wakened me, asleepe where then I was.

FINIS.

Verses pend vpon the Etimologie of the name of the
 right honorable, *Fardinando, Lord*
Strange.



Ame in her flight, by chance found me
 Asleepe vpon a banke,
 And in a furie, said that she
 Would yeeld me litle thanke,
 To sleepe when thou shouldest wake, and write,
 Sith I (said she) wil now indite.
 Arise (quoth she) write after me,
 My sentence doe not change,
 Here shalt thou view a creature true,
 Who may be called Strange.

And if thou learned be quoth shee,
 Beholde the noble Wight :
 Whose modest minde apeares to be
 A wise and vertuous Knight :
 Descent of noble Parentage,
 And rarest creature of his age :

A man

A man so fixt and firme of fayth,
 That neuer yet did change,
 And standes to trueth for life or death,
 This man is very Strange :

Recorded is his life by mee,
 Within my house of fame :
 From age to age his memorie
 Shall still aduaunce his name.
 (Quoth she) because his noble giftes
 Doe put his equals to their shiftes
 Let poore men iudge, that want refuge,
 That find their Landlords change,
 He takes th'olde rent, and is content :
 Which may be called Strange.

Doubtlesse (quoth Fame) thou maist be bolde
 To write what I shall say :
 Strange is his vertues to beholde,
 Among the rest this day :
 He serueth God in humble wife,
 His Princes foes he doth dispise.
 His lowly minde men euer finde,
 Still fixed not to change.
 Which winnes mens harts in euery parts,
 And that must needes be straunge.

Esteemde he is, of Noble Prince,
 And of all gentle blood :
 His like before his tyme, nor since,
 For vertuous giftes and good :
 I neuer knew, nor neuer shall,
 Though I to mynde with pen should call :

All

All histories of auncient age,
 Yet I should finde some chaunge :
 His part he playes vpon the stage,
 Exceedeth very Straunge.

No pride perceiued in his brest,
 No hautie heart he beares :
 And where is neede, to helpe vs prest,
 And thus he spends his yeares :
 No harme to any hath he wisht,
 Nor for a poore mans profite fift :
 Doubtles his life, to man and wife,
 Doth shew in him no chaunge :
 But fure, eche houre vnto his power,
 Among the rest, is Straunge.

Of worldly wealth, he makes no coumpt,
 He wayes his honor more :
 Love to his seruants doth furmount,
 And to his tenaunts poore :
 Of countrey still, he taketh care,
 And for the common wealth prepare :
 Remembryng well, that fame will tell,
 What people loue to chaunge :
 Therefore I say, this present day,
 He may be called Straunge.

Death doubts he not, in Princes causes,
 So true of faith is hee :
 To ferue and prosecute her lawes,
 He cares not who they bee :
 Refusing neither night nor day,
 All tydes, and tymes, he takes the way :

No

No fauor feare, no frend, nor foe,
 Can cause his mynde to chaunge,
 No gayne nor Payne, can tempt him so,
 And that is very Straunge.

If I should make report (quoth Fame)
 Of halfe his golden giftes :
 Except that Tullie were thy name,
 Thy pen were put to shiftes :
 Go to therfore, and write (sayd she)
 And I therewith abroad will flee :
 And euery eare, of him shall heare,
 That neuer yet did chaunge :
 But sure as rocke, and all his stocke,
 And that is onely Straunge.

He loueth men, much more then sheepe,
 That some doe most delite :
 He pitie people poore that weepe,
 When wrong hath wrought them spite :
 He gently heares their greeued causes,
 And doth with iustice vse the lawes :
 By force he wayes no wight with power,
 Nor mynde, with winde doth chaunge :
 As many doe this prefente houre,
 But now that is not straunge.

Not markes and pounds, but hawkes and hounds,
 Is euer his desire :
 He layes not gether poores mens grounds,
 He is no countrey stroyer :
 He liues in loue, of rich and poore,
 Sufficient he doth call his store :

Full

Full well knowes he, that men must dye,
 And therefore will not chaunge:
 But liues content, with auncient rent,
 Which argues to be Straunge.

Thus did I write, and Fame indite,
 Me thought that present tyme:
 For in the sence, I had delite,
 To studie euery line:
 Loe this in sleepe, me thought I heard,
 Of Fame, which bad me take regard:
 With painefull pen, to tell all men,
 That it might neuer chaunge:
 Then out of sight, she tooke her flight,
 And bad me thinke of Straunge.

Then wakened I, with weeping eyes,
 To call my Dreame to mynde:
 Because I see, fuch men as thefe,
 In England hard to finde:
 Alas therefore, what should I say,
 It is the caufe poore men decay:
 Vice taketh place, for want of grace,
 So many loue to chaunge:
 Thus haue I pen'd, and alſo end,
 My Dreame of Noble Straunge.

FINIS.

Verſes

Verfes penned vpon the Etimologie of the Name
 and Title of the right vvorshipfull Lady,
 the Lady Iulian Holcraft of
 the Vale Royall.



He head which still with studie is opprest,
 Of force must finde, some way to ease the same :
 All trauellers must haue a tyme to rest,
 Or els their limmes, with wandring wilbe lame :
 So I a weary sitting at my booke,
 Into the fieldes to walke the way I tooke.

High on a hill to mount I did delite,
 To view a Royall Vale, that was below :
 Where riuers run, with streams as christall white,
 And pleasent woods, about the same did shew :
 Wherein did bounse the Buck, with Hart, & Hynd,
 The Faulconer ther for hawkes, may pastime finde.

Eche spray was sprotted out with buds,
 Vpon the which Merula singeth sweet :
 The Ro Bucke roreth in the shrubs,
 The fertill medowes, tasf of flowers sweet :
 Which vapurs did perfume the starry fkyes,
 That from this vale so Royally doth rife.

Loe thus bewrapt in viewing this prospect,
 The fight I see, my sensē so ouer threw :
 The christall stremes, my eyes had so reflect,
 The ioy thereof my iudgement ouerthrew :
 That downe I fate to studie at the same,
 Till Morpheus had my drowsie head ore'tane.

And

And thus a sleepe to me approched neare,
 A gallant Dame, presenting great renowme :
 Which sayd arise thou flugg, why sleep'st thou here,
 Come goe with me, where thou shalt haue a roome :
 I looked vp and did Melponia see,
 I rose and crau'd, her pardon on my knee.

Doubtles (quoth he) at Helicon thou art,
 (Recorded thee) where thou shalt still remayne :
 But yet moe counsell take before we part,
 In hast prepare, thy pen for to proclayme
 The vertuous life, a Lady leadeth here,
 As dayly shall by iuste reporte appeare.

In lasting letters, pen this Saras gift,
 Whose mildnes may full well Rebecca teach :
 And Rachels vertues, all would put to shift,
 The stpes she treades no lyuing wight can rech :
 From blooming youth, vnto these present dayes,
 Of Alceft, she : doth iustly beare the kayes.

In heart so meeke with spotles thought is she,
 That wordes in wast, be banisht from her brest :
 No idle looke once glanceth from her eyes,
 The poore mans plaints, to heare her eares are prest :
 Her liberall hand, doth hungry belly fill,
 Who wants her helpe, she is their comfort still.

Vnto her frend, as fure, as marble rocke,
 To foe not yelding, but as reasoun will :
 Of speaches she, both beares the key and locke,
 In (tyme) to vse all things, she hath the skill :
 In iudgement she can play Apollos part,
 A Goddesse she might be, for lerned art.

Liue she doth, in loue of rich and poore,
 Her race so rarely run, hath not bene knownen :
 Her lampe of light, thus burneth euermore,
 With newes thereof, loe Fame her trump hath blowen,
 At Hesprias, in chaire of state this Dame
 Hath cheefest place, for to aduance her name.

In worldly stormes she beares her failes so well,
 No fuddaine blast can worke her any wracke,
 From out her prefence vice she doth expell,
 And Vertue yet would neuer see him lacke :
 Her iust deserued praise shee doth not seeke,
 She is so humble, and lowly in her sprite.

And to the stranger still shee hath regard,
 To shewe such courtesie as worship craues :
 Her neighbors cause with her is euer heard,
 Lo thus this Lady still her selfe behaues.
 She beares no minde that foreth in the skie,
 Nor yet too lowe she listeth not to flie.

Not cankered Enuie can these words deny,
 If Spite should speake, he must declare the fame ;
 For Vertue vaunts her name into the skie,
 With golden Trumpet, founded vp by Fame.
 Would God therefore her daies should euer last,
 Then might a number think their sorrowes past.

Her blossomes breedeth the fruites of noble state,
 Whose tast doth comfort rich and poore these daies
 By Natures works, of God these giftes they gate
 That euery wight should iustly speak her praise :
 At Helicon the Muses do delight :
 With golden pen this Ladies life to write.

Of

Of many vertues moe : I could declare,
 To occupie thy pen, if Tully were thy name :
 That wanting Tyme I am compeld to spare,
 Behold Sir Phœbus doth confesse the fame :
 For now he batheth in the Oceane Sea,
 Which is the cause I must depart away.

Looke now therefore, thy pen doe witnesse beare,
 Melpomen said, for so thy duetie is :
 And make report what thou of me doest heare,
 And tell the world that I commaund thee this.
 For Justice euermore hath this regard,
 That euery creature reape their due reward.

Doubt neither friend nor foe to speak a trueth,
 Consider thou art bound by duetie much,
 Remember Time will bring all things to prooffe,
 And sith it doth thus much thy credite touch,
 For to discharge thy selfe from bearing blame,
 Thy pen I wish to write upon this Dame.

And with these wordes she vanished away,
 And I did wake foorth of this pleasant dreame,
 The night was come, and banisht was the day,
 The cloudes obscur'd Dianas face with raine.
 Then to my studie straight I did prepare,
 This Ladies words Melpomen to declare.

These are the newes, and all the newes I haue,
 God send good newes this yeare, and euermore.
 Our noble Queene the euerlasting faue,
 And God increase your Ladiship with store,
 God bleffe my Lady Countesse, and her birth,
 Her honor, and your worship long life with ioy & mirth.

Veres penned vpon the Etimologie of the name of
 the right VVorshipfull, Sir Edmond Traffard,
 of Traffard, in the County of Lan-
 caster, Knight.



Uch was my hap of late to walk, the lofty hils to view,
 For to reuiew my weary wits, which studie ouerthrew:
 And forth I past from high to higher, and so to th'
 height of all,

Where viewing of the countrey round, at length to mind did call
 The wonders great, and workes of God: when all a Caos was,
 And lapped vp vpon a lumpe, as hard as beaten brasie.

In musing at thosse daies and these, my flesh began to quake,
 To call to minde the wretched waies, that worldly men do take:
 And as I drowned was in dumps, came Morpheus with his mace,
 So that my fences did obey, and yeelded to his grace.
 No sooner thus asleep, but straight in drowsie dreame I see
 A Lady swifter than the wind, call'd Time approching nie.

Rise and awake (quoth she) to me, why sleep'st thou on this hill?
 The wordes I speake I charge thee straight, record with painfull
 quill.

Then did she shake a razor sharpe, and with a frowning face,
 And thretning speach, she said the world shold fuddainly giue place
 For I am Time which executes the secrete will of God,
 In euery age of wickednesse, by Time they feele the rod.

Els had not flouds ore'flowed the world, for vgly sinfull vice,
 If Time had not bin present ther, which caus'd thē play their prize
 I Time shipt Noah into the Arke, and all the charge he had,
 And I was she first foūd him land by doues, which made him glad
 Lo thus at first and euer since vnto this present houre,
 By Time were builded Cities great with many a loftie tower.

Down

Down haue I cast thē all againe, olde walles doe mencion make,
 And Cities now, & buildings braue, I (Time) shal cause to quake.
 Although the bragging Worldling rāise his house into the aire.
 I Time will vanish al away, as no such thing were there,
 My blade is whet, I wait but when to vſe the mortall edge :
 On whom I light, my order is to haue the life in pledge :

My fister Atrapos, the Poets do faine the fatall Dame,
 Who can doe nothing wanting Time, fhee doth vſurpe my name :
 Ne Lachices, nor Clotho can the distaffe dresse at all,
 But when that I doe point the Time, they come when I doe call :
 So that I Time doe beare record from firſt vnto the laſt,
 Of preſent daies, of daies to come, and daies that now are paſt :

Of yong and olde, of rich and poore, the vertue Time doth prooue,
 On whom to waite, both king and Prince, and all estates behouue :
 No ſtate can ſtart by night or day, that Time can not eſpie,
 Nor ſecret ſhift ſo cloſely lapt, but Time the trueth ſhall trie :
 I Time therefore am come to thee, of wonders great to tell,
 Therefore it ſtands thee much vpon, to vſe thy pen as well.

Doubt not to write, what I declare, nor feare not who ſhall ſee
 What drops fall from thy painfull pen, but beare thy ſelfe by me :
 For lo (ſaid Time) the fire burnes that Mars hath ſet on fire,
 See now his cruell mortall blade, that blood doth ſtill diſire :
 The fearfull ſkrikes of innocents, from far doeſt thou not heare :
 Remedileſſe (alas) they crie, and die in deepe diſpaire.

And now behold how hūger haunts with cheeks both pale & leane,
 This bloody butcher furious Mars, and all his wicked traïne :
 And greedy ſpoile, ſpares not to ſpill, to pray on others good,
 Rauening Rape with maid and wife runs headlong to the wood—
 For Fauor flies, and force takes place, and vice doth vertue kill,
 Fained Friendship now layes on lurſh, his faithful friend to ſpil.

And

And Shift in shackles now inuents to kick against the spur,
 And yet Dissembling euery day, lies couching like a cur :
 Reuenge is feeing of his friends, in hope to haue a day,
 But see where Iustice is at hand, his guerdon for to pay.
 Death doth prouide dame Pestilence, to worke the later woe,
 Likewise destruction, with his frends, doe wish it to be so.

Know this (sayd she) moe plagues then these are comming neare
 at hand,

No creature liuing but shal feele, the same on sea and land :
 In top of all their worldly trust, shal come the wofull newes,
 Great terror in the hearts of mē, whē God these whips shall vſe :
 Time shal try all, this is most true : the Scripture faith the same,
 Therfore I charge thee send abroad, these sayings in my name.

Now rise (quoth she) and turne thy face towards the Occean sea,
 A triple foorded riuier shal, direct thy ready way :
 Where thou shalt finde Antiquitie, the maker of the place,
 Whose name hath bene Tyme out of mynde, before the con-
 quest was :
 Thus sodenly she tooke her flight, and vanished away,
 And I in trembling feare did wake, not knowing what to fay.

Sith dreames be vayne, of Poets pennes, and Fables of delite,
 So doe I pray, that all proue false, that heare I did indite :
 Befeeching God with Nestors age, your worship may increase,
 With health, and wealth, and Newe yeares ioy, and so my pen
 doth fease.

FINIS.

Verſes

Verſes pennen vpon the Etimologie of the name of
 the right vvorſhipfull Maifter Peter Leigh, heire
 apparant to the valiaunt Gentleman, Sir
 Peter Leigh, of the linne, Knight.



Erusing auncient bookeſ of late,
 I founde a ſtorie ſtraunge:
 Which told me that, the earthly ſtate,
 Should haue a foden chaunge:
 And all that is, ſhould nothing bee,
 Wherat I muſed maruellouſlye.

Erfte neuer was my barren brayne,
 So ſodenly be rapt:
 For to perceiue that all was vaync,
 I thought it great mishap:
 Sith once I thought the world ſhould laſt,
 To heare deſtruction, made me baſht.

Thus as I muſed at the fame,
 My wearie wittes, with ſtudie toild:
 By Morpheus, meanes a ſleepe did frame,
 Leaſt Natures giſts, ſhould haue bene ſpoild:
 But as I ſlept, a dreame full rare,
 I had, which greeues me to declare.

Enuironde round about was I,
 From loftie ſkyes, with golden gleymes;
 Wherein I faw, a Goddes flye:
 Thriſe ſwifter then Syr Neptuns ſtreames,
 A razour in her hand ſhe bare:
 And fiercely did theſe wordes declare.

Remember

Remember well (quoth she) to me,
 Make ready pen, and inck, to write :
 The wordes that now I speake to thee,
 Sith that I know, thou can indite :
 Tyme is my name, young once I was,
 Though now, I weare and waft alas.

Loe I am she that present was,
 When Heauen, Earth, and Seas were made :
 From age, to age, what came to passe,
 Vnto this houre I know the trade :
 Although that worldlings Tyme forgot,
 Yet to accompts I call their det.

Els those that fleete, and flow in wealth,
 Would quite deuour the poorer sorte :
 Sith might alwayes forgets himselfe,
 And makes of wrong a common sport :
 I Tyme therfore this bloody knife,
 Doe beare vnwares, to shut their life.

In Tyme that's past, what Cities great,
 Whose walles, and towers scald the skyes :
 Were mounted vp, to be thefeat,
 For earthly Gods, this Scripture tryes :
 Which lyeth now layd loe with foyle,
 And who but Tyme, that made the spoyle.

Great castles to defend the foe,
 With walles of force, long sith were built :
 Their towers torne, doth plainly shewe,
 That Tyme compeld them for to yeld :
 Whose ruine doth these dayes declare,
 That Tyme bids euery man prepare.

Hau^e

Haue I not bene, the caufe (quoth Tyme)
 That euery man these dayes doth build :
 Whose pride therein, so farre doth fhyne,
 That all the poore thereby are spild :
 But as their goodes, is now their God,
 I Tyme therefore, shall bring a rod.

Erste fuch a whippe as I shall bring,
 From mightie Ioue, was neuer feel'd :
 I all their buildings downe will fling,
 To flee themselues, shall be compeld :
 The fword shall vengeance take for finnes,
 And those shall lose, these dayes that winnes.

So that if Ouid were aliue,
 The metaphor would passe his pen :
 The father, and the sonne, shall striue,
 And sharpe reuenge consume all men :
 The Tenaunt shall his Landlord hate,
 And neighbours be at great debate.

So Loue, and Charitie, shall waſt,
 Pride, and Enuie, shall increase :
 And pure chaſtitie, displaſt,
 But whoredome, he, ſhall neuer feaſe :
 And Vfurie, ſhall fill his baggs,
 While poore Tromtroth doth walke in raggs.

Quit voide of grace (quoth Tyme) I ſee,
 The greateſt number, at this day :
 For Symon Magus, ſubtilly,
 By cloaked craft, can catch his pray :
 The world runs headlong after gayne,
 Whose pleaſure Tyme ſhall turne to paine :

Vndoubtedly

Vndoubtedly this rasour sharpe,
 (quoth Tyme) shall presently dispatch :
 Yet none shall know, when to depart,
 No where, nor when, I make the match :
 But sodenly the threed I cut,
 Thus worldly ioyes, by me are shut.

You fee (quoth Tyme) the alteration,
 You fee, how lucar leades the way :
 You fee, these dayes, abhomination,
 By errorre, faith you fee decay
 By bribes, true iustice blinded is,
 By following will, some wade amisse.

Edelfia now, deceiueth vs,
 By outward signes and also shoe,
 Faire wordes be framed marueilous,
 To worke the hearers grieve and woe.
 But now said Time, the day's at hand,
 All things shall waft on sea and land :

Reuenge from skyes with fiery flames,
 Shall now at hand deuour and waft
 All mortall men vnto their shames,
 Except where grace and vertue's plast.
 Those that beleue, and God doe feare,
 As Angels then shall straight apeare.

And with these wordes she tooke her flight,
 And bad me boldly write the same :
 When Time was gone I was afront,
 For all the world me thought did flame :
 With Thunder then the earth did quake,
 Which wofull thing did cause me wake.

Verses penned vpon the Etimoligie of the name of
 the right vvorshipful, M. Thomas Leigh
 of Adlington, in the Countie of
 Chester, Esquire: purpor-
 ting the nature of
 Time.



He thorny thumps that Thought did thacke within
 my wofull breast
 Had pincht me so, that Nature craud for help to pur-
 chase rest.

Of studious works I weary was, into the fieldes I fled:
 My purpose was by wholsome aire, for to refresh my head.
 And as I wandred vp and downe, vnder a bush I fate,
 Some secrete thing me thought that time, came in my painful pate.

Lo thus at last with musing much, a sleepe came in my eie,
 Erst never such a dreame I had, nor thing so strange did see
 I saw a Lady called Time, which flew as swift as winde,
 Geue eare (quoth she) for presently I will expresse my mind.
 Haue care vnto my speech (said she) and mark my sayings well:

Els out of wisdomes worthy waies I must thy wits expell.
 See here the wings wherwith I fly, behold the knife I beare.
 See here the present speed I make: yet Time no man doth feare.
 Quite void of care I see the world, they mount with Icarus now,
 Vndoubtedly so that they gaine, to get they care not how.
 Yet I Dame Time will call to count the stoutest of them all,
 And giue vnto the loftiest mind, a troublesome tombling fall.
 Remember Time began all thinges, at first when all was made,

Time

•

Time at the last shall cause againe al thinges to wast and fade.
 Haue I not cast Ierusalem vnto the flymy foyle :
 Of worldly welth I make but dust, though worldlings daily toile
 My nature is as I began, so for to make an end,
 And cause in time both quick and dead both for to bow and bend.
 Such is my nature, that I must make tryal of all trueth,

Looke from the first vnto the last, let ancient bookees be prooffe.
 Erected I haue Cities great, so haue I Castles strong,
 In euery part of all the world, these buildings lie along.
 Great is my force, let Scripture iudge, which faith al things shal
 wast,
 How can the greatest kingdome then escape my force at last.

Els worldlings wold still brag and bost vpon their good and land.
 So I dame Time should haue the tant which haue the in my hand
 Such buildings now be mounted vp by such as feare no fall,
 Quite void of care the builders be, to leaue the same at all,
 Vntill I Time with razor sharpe, do cut their vital thred.
 I see there is not any now, the latter day doth dread.
 Esteeme they doe their goods and lands, and Time to come forget
 Remēbring not that Time at last shall cause them pay their det.

Mark but how hours wasteth daies, and daies the weeks deuoure
 And weekes confume meneths you see by prooued proofs ech houre.
 And moneths do swallow vp the yeare, & years do confume men.
 Al this doth chance by me dame Time, yet who knows where or
 when ?

And with this speach she took her flight, and bad me take my
 penne.
 For to record the words she spake, and publish to al men :
 But when I saw that Time was past, alas she greeu'd me sore :
 That I in Time did not take Time, I dayly weepe therefore.

Thus

Thus haue you hearde my drowsie dreame, though Time be gone
and fled,
And I her sayings full record within my heart and head.

FINIS.

A Psalme pend vpon the Etimologie of the name of
the right Worshipfull, Thomas Leigh of Ad-
lington, in the Countie of Chester, Ef-
quire: To the note or tune of,
Domine ne in furore.
Psalme VI.



Hy mercie Lord, my faith perswades,
although my sinnes be red :
How I shall be made free to thee :
by Christes blood that's shed.
Of all my wandring wilfull dayes
and rechleffe raudfull toyes :
My faithfull hope is for to mount,
to thee in lasting ioyes.

And as I wickedly did sinne,
I faithfully repent :
Such is thy mercie that I knowe,
my teares shall thee content.
Loe heare my teares the witnesse is,
my sin doth grieue me fore :
Esteeme O Lord my wofull plaintes,
I trust t'offend no more.

In

In thee my onely hope remaines,
 on thee is all my stay :
 Geue eare vnto my wofull cries,
 when I shall passe away.
 Haue minde vpon thy mercy Lord,
 forget thy wrath and yre,
 Erect my Spirite into thy blisse,
 I humbly thee desire.

Els all my teares and grieuous plaintes
 returne without rewarde :
 So shall I weare, and waft in woe,
 my cries shall not be heard :
 Seeme not therefore to turne thy face,
 accept my wofull suite :
 Quit me from Sathan's nets and fnares,
 his traps good Lord confute.
 Vnto thy Majesty O Lord,
 I dedicate my selfe :
 Yeeld I doe my soule to thee,
 and leaue the world my wealth.
 Accept thereof, thou glorious God,
 thus still on thee I crie :
 Reuenge not Lord, but mercie haue,
 and neuer let me die.

All glory be vnto thy name :
 and to thy onely sonne :
 And to the holy Ghost, with whom
 to vs thy kingdome come.

FINIS.

Verfes

Veres penned vpon the Etimologie of the name
 of the right vvorshipfull Lady, the Ladie
 Marie Edgarton of Ridley, in the
 Countie of Chester.



He toyled minde and weary wit that study doth op-
 pressie,
 Nature mooueth many waies, the same for to redrefse :
 Which caused me to leaue my booke, my fences to
 reuie,
 And wandring, walked heare and there, the time away to drie.

High vp a hill with wearie steps, the haughtie rockes I scal'd,
 Among the which I heard a voice, that fore my heart appald :
 Among the shrubs I throuded was, where in a trance I fate,
 Or els some droufie dreame it was, that then and there I gate.

Erst was I neuer in the like, for there me thought I see,
 An armed man with bloody blade with speed approched ny :
 His face as fierce as flames of fire, his hands imbrewd in blood ;
 And like a Lion in his rage, before me stamping stood.

Lo here (quoth he) my name is Mars, that am the bloody God,
 The gleids that glow within my breast, breeds mischeefe al abrode
 Kings and kingdomes by the ears I dayly vfe to fet,
 Murther is the thing I craue, and peace I still forget.

And now (said he) pull forth thy pen, and write my sayings all,
 For prefently a wonder great, appeare before thee shall :
 Se here (quoth he) Megera comes with crawling snaky haire,
 Lo in the bosomes of the best, she throwes them here and there.

Dost

Doſt thou not ſee what wrath ſhe works, that lurketh cloſe in breſt
 And doeſt not view what kiŋdomes I to mortall war haue dreſt
 The Meſſenger I am (quoth he) that Iuſtice doth ſend,
 to execute his wrath on ſuſh, that doe his Grace offend.

In vttering of theſe wordes to me, far of I diſ beholde,
 How Spoile was cōing & his mates with al the ſpeed they could
 Whereat the ſkrikes of innocents, with wiues & virgins cries.
 And grieuous grones of murthered men did pierce the ſtarry ſkies

My fleſh diſ tremble at the fight, to ſee the Flames of fire,
 The robbery of both rich and poore, Diſtruſion diſ desire,
 And vgly monſtrous Rauiſhment deſilde both maid and wife,
 The worldly Muckſcraps for their goods diſ daily loſe their life.

And then came deſperaſion poſt, to put the reſt in feare,
 And grudging Griefe and future foes, cauſd many to diſpaire,
 Yea Hunger haunted armour bright, with cheekeſ both pale and lean
 And pierceth through the ſturdy ſteele, and wrought a mortal pain.

Reuenge as greedy as a gripe, made hauocke where he came,
 Diſtruſion with his naked blade. diſtroyed many a man :
 Dearth was lodg'd in euery house, and kept both land and feas,
 And almoſt all both olde and young bewaſild the wofull daies.

In all thyſ hurlyburly there, Loue ſhrank his neigbours all,
 And charitie was chac'd away. Pride ſlipt and had a fall :
 Myrth in euery nooke did mourne, and pleaſure pained fore,
 Tom Troth was fworne for to depart the place for euermore.

Enuiron'd round about was peace with bloody men of war :
 Of Charity obſcured was the blazinc lampe and star,
 And Peſtilence as fier red, the stoutest cauſd to ſtoope,
 That Lamentation wrang his handes the countrey round about,
Death

Death was the last that laid on lurtch, the final end to make :
 and for a brag, his bloody dart about his head did shake :
 (quoth he) behold, these mischieue mates that on S. Mors attend,
 Gaints whom no creature can preuale, til I dispatch their end.

Great were the brags that Mars did make, and fierce his fury was.
 and fware an oth with present speed all this should come to passe :
 Then did he turne himselfe about, and Albion Isle he thrate,
 Which was of Mars no sooner said, but forraine foes heard that :

Els had I slept a longer sleepe vpon that haughty hill.
 But that the roring Cannons voice me thought was thūping stil.
 And noyse of armed men was such, that (alright) I wakte,
 Thus rashly rushing vp for feare, from thence my way did take,

Refusing neither hedge nor ditch, nor sparing thick nor thyn,
 No step so foule my speedy feete made spare to step within :
 Thus runnynng rashly in this race, with panting brethles breath,
 I rested by a pleasant poole, fast by a little heath.

Thus reuoluing with myselfe what were the best to doo,
 Whether to tell this dreame or no, sith dreames be call'd vntrue :
 Which maz'd my mind with triple trance what way were best to
 This dream for to reueile, or els to dround in Lethea lake [take,

Of th'one and th'other being basht : the likliest way to chuse,
 At length thought good to pen my dreame, in steed of better newes
 Beseeching God to blesse this Isle from Mars and all his mates,
 And graunt vs peace, God faue our Queene and al the noble states.

No other newes for this new yeare I can your worship tell,
 But that I trust in spite of Mars that all things shall be well,
 Beseeching God that fits to iudge, to guyde your dayes in peace,
 With health, long life, and ioyfull years, and worship to increase.

Veres penned vpon the Etimologie of the name of
 the right Worshipful, M. Peter Warberton
 of Arley, in the Countie of Chester,
 Esquire.



Repare a place aboue the skyes,
 Where Angels rest in ioy:
 Out of all mundane thoughts arise,
 Which workes the foules annoy,
 Of Time watch well the stealing steps,
 Take heed of youth that age forgets,
 All thinges haue time, by power deuine,
 And Time consumeth all,
 She hath cut off the mightiest kinges,
 And so the rest she shall.

Emperour, King and Kaisar she
 Doth mount vpon the stage,
 And all that shall aduaunced be,
 Time raiseth in ech age.
 So Time dismountes them all againe,
 Some from great ioy, to shame and paine,
 Thus rich and poore she euermore
 Cuts off both great and small:
 The Captaine stout and all his rout
 Shee spoyles, and euer shall.

Therefore watch well, this hastie Dame,
 That makes thyss mortall speede:
 As all our Parents felt the same,
 With vs she will proceede:

Time

Time flies apace she taries not,
 She grantes no grace if men forgot,
 At first she is as sugar sweete,
 But ends like bitter gall,
 Let Worldlinges watch that be asleepe,
 For Time no doubt they shall.

Remember Tyme, built Cities great,
 Which now is wildernes :
 With many a costly and stately seat,
 That now confum'd is :
 And Tyme, these dayes builds many bours,
 Which shall in Tyme, be none of ours :
 For as the feas, doth ebbe and floe,
 So Tyme doth with vs all :
 Now chuse who thinks of Tyme or noe,
 All things confume she shall.

Who marketh Tyme, in these our dayes,
 Her workes be wondrous straunge :
 For those that erfe did beare the keyes,
 By Tyme doth office chaunge :
 And from the hall, to kitchin comes,
 And at the length, bide fortuns domes :
 As captiue stand, to hold vp hand,
 To liue or dye at all :
 Who can preuaile : when Tyme doth deale,
 Which will confume and shall.

And doth not Tyme make infants strong,
 Of young and tender age :
 When six and thirtie yeare hath sprong,
 These lustie blouds on stage :

Marke

Marke Tyme when all this race is run,
 Vnlooked for croukt age doth come :
 And by no meanes but onely Tyme,
 Therfore lets watch her all :
 Sith downe she casteth, such as clyme,
 And euermore she shall.

Right thus of age, Tyme maketh dust,
 And so she doth of youth :
 And Tyme still tryes, all things that's iust,
 And brings vs all to prooffe :
 And Tyme shall at the later day,
 The filthy factes of men bewray :
 Not sparing one, nor leauing now,
 But to accompts bring all :
 And thus hath she perfwaded mee,
 She doth and euer shall.

Els could not now, the world be old,
 Which at the first was young :
 For Tyme, her selfe now waxeth cold,
 Her limmes be not so strong :
 As in her first beginning she,
 Nor halfe of Nature francke and free :
 Her loftie lookes, I read in bookees,
 Beginneth for to fall :
 Her galland cheare, begins to weare,
 Yet she shall end us all.

Remember then all thinges begun,
 Must haue an end at last :
 For when the vitall, threed is spun,
 The mortall knife makes haft :

For

For Altropos doth tend on Tyme,
 As wayting mayde by power diuine :
 Vnlooked for, or men be ware,
 She breakes both heart and gall :
 And when she smiles she worketh wiles,
 For to confume vs all.

Thus trudgeth Tyme and tarrieth not,
 To tend vpon her pray :
 And layes her snares, in the euery plot,
 To twitch all states away :
 Therefore iudge if the world be vayne,
 That greedy gapeth, still for gayne.
 One brother felleth now an other,
 And worldly wealth rules all :
 But Tyme doth watch, for to dispatch,
 For so at length she shall.

Of this beware, and marke it well,
 For Tyme, is now at hand :
 That Tyme all pleafures shall expell,
 Aswell by sea as land :
 Not one but all, shall taft of woe,
 Of very force, it must be soe :
 Els finne, would fincke, and vice would drinke,
 The workes of vertue all :
 So Tyme consumes, those that prefumes,
 Loe thus she doth and shall.

Such is the force of Tyme ye see,
 Such is the ende of all :
 Here may we see that vanitie,
 Doth worke our mortall thrall :

Quite

Quite now your felues, from worldly mucke,
 Least Tyme vnlookt your liues to plucke :
 Vndoubtedly in Tyme fore see,
 To win the way to rest :
 And helpe the poore, which is the store,
 For which God thinkes you blest.

If Tyme cut of, all liuing thinges,
 And still brings all to nought :
 And shall to iudgement bring the kinges,
 Aswell for deede, as thought :
 Then let the meaner stats take heed,
 To watch and pray with present speed :
 Els in the snares, of Tyme vnwares,
 We must to iudgement all :
 Remember this, great neede it is,
 For Tyme confuse vs shall.

FINIS.

Verfes

Verfes pennen vpon the Etimologie of the name of
 the right vvorshipfull George Brereton of Ash-
 ly in the Countie of Chester Esquyre.



Race growes and fprings, where vertue vaunts her selfe,
 Els wicked men, would swallow all by wealth :
 On euery man, God doth his gifts bestow,
 Regarding most where vertue feemes to grow :
 Great is his mercy to vs euery hower,
 Els how could Dauid, conquere Saules great power.

Beware therefore, of Mydas wicked mynde,
 Refuse the world, whose pleasures men doth blind :
 Erect thy steps, in grace and vertues pathe,
 Remember that in wisedomes well thou bath :
 Esteeme no wretch, whose tongue shal paint or gloze,
 There pick-thanke prankes, shall but thy worship lose :
 Of friendes to come, it's vaine to hope too much,
 Nor present friendes, their frendship greatly tutch.

Enter not where doubtes are of returne,
 So needes not care, though after claps doe spurne :
 Such wisedome warely, shall prouide thy way,
 Quite from the snares, that shoulde thy state decay :
 Vnto the poore stretch out thy stretched hand,
 In Princes cause, looke faithfully thou stand :
 And pitie still where power hath opprest,
 Remember this, and men shall thinke thee blest.

FINIS.

Verfes

Verfes vpon Ieffrey Shackarley of Holme
and Shackarley, Esquier.



N present blisse, watch warely future harmes,
Els Sirces shall bewitch thee, with her charmes:
Flye from the steps, of such as feare not God,
For els offenders iustly feel his rod:

Regard that man, that plainly telleth truth,
And banish those, that fabling flatterie footh,
Yeld curtesie to them that gentle are.

So Truth thy worship, shall abroad declare,
Haue no regard to lend thy eares to such:
As shall with lyes true faithfull meaning touch,
Condemne no man, till thou his aunswere heare:
Know this by Scripture, iustice hath no peare!
Consider patience proueth, vertues mynde:
And worship worketh euer after kinde,
Remember them, that craue for Christes sake:
Least God his gifts, away from thee shall take,
Endure firme in fayth, obseruing law,
Yeld to thy Prince, a iust obedient awe.

Doe thus and so, the golden trumpe of Fame,
By true report, shall iustly say the fame.

FINIS.

Verfes

Veres vpon Maister Hugh Sharkerly, the sonne
and heire of the sayd Ieffray, Esquier.



Aue patience present, when wrath would wreke his
will,
Els wisedome wants, that guideth men from ill:
When youthfull toyes, would rashly rule the rayne,
Greue eare to age, who tels that all is vayne:
Haue care to watch the world and feare no foe.

So wisedome shall, thy witte declare and shew:
Haunt not the steps, where Cupid leads the way,
And let no toung, thy counsell once bewray:
Conceile nothyng, that duetie bids reueile,
Know subiects must, nothing from Prince conceale:
Constraine no man, not more then power is,
And heare no pick-thanks, telling that and this:
Reach to the poore, that craue for Christes sake,
Let reason rule, when will would hauocke make:
Endure sure as all thy stocke hath done,
In doing so thou shonest like the funne.

FINIS.

Vpon

Vpon Maister Ieffray Shackcarley Esquye.



N Fortunes frendship watch her chaunging face,
 Els sodenly, she may dismount the best :
 For thoſe that moſt, doe ſtand within her grace,
 From age to age, haue cauſe to truſt her leaſt :

A prooſe too playne, looke whom the lulſ in lap,
 You ſee at length, ſhe ſpoyles with ſome miſhap.

She ſetteth ſome, on thronē of ſtately ſeat,
 Higher then the reſt, on golden mounts to vaunt :
 And yet at laſt, proues but a poysoned bayt,
 Compounde with guile, the worldlings to inchaunt :
 Know this of Fortune, where ſhe ſeemes to ſmile,
 Cufome there doth teach her worke a wyle :
 And thoſe that in her flouds, hoyſe fayles the hexte
 Reuenging ſtill themſelues vpon their foes :
 Loe ſodenly there miſcheues fall is next,
 Entrapt with fnares, that workes moſt wofull woes,
 You ſee that Fortune, faileth none but fuch.

As in theſe dayes, doe truſt her ouer much.

FINIS.

Lenuoy.

Lenuoy.

 Hen raging floods, of surging feas be hext,
 And Boreas blastes, against the rocks doth rush :
 The present fall, by Nature is the next,
 And quiet calmes remaines in euery bush,
 So likewife such, as Fortune fauoreth most :
 By her displeasure, sodenly is lost.

FINIS.

Verses penned vpon the Ethimologie of the name
 of the right vvorshipful Lady : The Lady
 Julian Holcraft, of the Vale Royall.

 He golden trump, that Fame doth found,
 Proclaimes to euery eare :
 Where vertue is, for to be found,
 By workes it doth appeare :
 As gold commends, the precious stone,
 So worship showes, her selfe alone :

As

As Phœbus doth exceede a starre,
 So gentlenes doth shew :
 How can Dame Fortune mount more harre,
 Then place her darlings so.

Enuie nor spite can not preuayle,
 Where vertue vaunts with grace :
 Old auncient wrath of force shall faile,
 And vices shall geue place :
 Where worship worthily shall shew,
 There iust report, the Fame shall blow :
 And euery eare, such newes shall heare,
 As due desert doth craue :
 Loe Ladyes all, behold you shall,
 Who ought most honor haue.

A Dame well deckt with modestie,
 As worship doth behoue :
 And garmentes lynde with lenitie,
 When patience list to proue :
 With stomachers, of pure pitie,
 And head geare, that is wife and wittie :
 And liberall myndes, all people binds,
 To honor fuch in hart :
 Doe thus and then, the harts of men,
 You win in euery part.

In stormes, when wisedome is the cloake,
 No blast can blemish fuch :
 This is the way for to prouoke,
 Your Fame the skyes to touch :
 Vnto the poore, stretch out your hands,
 God shall your store, increase, and lands :

Loue

Loue them that plainly tels you true,
 And banish golden speach :
 Pick thankes mischief dayly brew,
 And all mens harts they sigh.

Yeld not, vnto a cruell foe,
 Where truth is on your side ;
 And warely watch a friend to know,
 That stedfastly will byde :
 And where you may reuenge in deede,
 Let mercy prefently proceede :
 Nothing doth please, the Lord alwayes,
 So much as mercy stille :
 For mercy binds, all noble myndes,
 To faue and not to spil.

Haue mynde that all that is begun,
 Must haue an ende at last :
 The end, no King, nor Prince, can shunne,
 Sith Time all thinges will wast,
 Of Time her trade you see it stille,
 Time buildeth all, and giues the fall,
 To all things quicke and dead :
 The lucky life is to be wisht,
 The end is to be dread.

Lo here the fruits of vertues rare,
 That in one lady is :
 Conceiue the fame, and straight prepare,
 For worship teacheth this,
 Remember where is courtesie,
 That rifeth of gentilitie :

Of

Of mercie, grace and charitie,
 Comes blessings of the Lord.
 For if these want assuredly,
 They still remaine abhorrd.

Beholde how vertue beares the keyes,
 That vnto blisse doth lead,
 A Lady liuing at these daies,
 Whose worship Fame doth spread,
 Her name I will not now exprefse,
 Sith iuft report doth all confefse.
 But as I prooued, fo I praise,
 And will doe till I die,
 Her liberall hand her heart bewraies,
 Aboue the starrie fkie.

God bleffe her still from time to time,
 From dangers, woe, and paine,
 That she in worship still may fshine,
 And long in health remaine :
 And God protect her noble birth
 Long for to liue in ioy and mirth.
 And that their honors may increase,
 As fand vpon the Sea,
 And this to pray I will not ceafe,
 But call on God God alwaies.

FINIS.

The

The last Dreame that Morpheus did shovve vnto the
 Author, vvas of a Lambe, that appeared vnto
 him, and seemed as though he spake for
 the Time, by the prouidence of the
 Gods: as followveth.



Aft at my booke in studie where I fate,
 My wits worne weak, my fence was grose and lame,
 A drosie dump began to pierce my pate,
 That in mine eie, a sleepe began to frame:
 Which when I spied, yet reason bad me rife,
 And sluggish sleepe alwaies for to dispise.

To shun that sloothfull vice my hauke I tooke,
 I calde my Spannels, and to the field I went:
 A flight to finde, both brake and bush I shooke,
 till too and fro, three howers full were spent:
 Thus wandring long, my Spannels found of game,
 And I made haft with speede to flie the same.

The Partridge sprang, my hauke fled from my fist.
 With open Jawes my Spanniels cried the game,
 With speedy foote, no hedge nor ditch I mist,
 Through thicke and thin I ran, to see the same.
 But out of sight both hauke and Partridge flew,
 Till I by following, into a Desert drew.

And being thus in vncouth place not knownen,
 Both Hawke and Spanneils lost and from me fled:

And

And I with toylling trauell ouerthrownen,
 Dame Nature came, and thus vnto me sayd:
 Preserue thy selfe (quoth she) thy hawke is gone,
 And take some rest, for other helpe is none.

To whom I did obey and downe I sat,
 Vpon a bancke and leaned to a thorne:
 And rested there till Morpheus hit my pat,
 With his drowsie mace, & said to me in scorne:
 Well met Faukoner, what haue you kild to day,
 Cho ho hath croken bill, her maister left astray?

Let Hawkes and Spanels packe and follow me,
 (Quoth he) for now thou shalt in deede attend:
 Although thou meant, gainst duetie from me flee,
 I pardon thee, although thou did offend:
 So many times though I haue troubled thee,
 This is the last, I promise faithfully.

Thus like a lump or clod of clay I was,
 For why? my vitall sprite with Morpheus went,
 For to behold what he would bring to passe,
 With weary steps to wait I was content,
 Til at the last a Lambe did vs approche,
 Who did thys sentence brauely to vs broch.

Que brantare la fe, es causa muy fea.

Which wordes made me no little for to muse,
 To heare a Lambe in language strange to say,
Those that breake faith, do all the Gods abuse,
And are detected at the latter day.
 Then sayd this Lambe, sith Robinson is here,
 Before he passe some wisdome shall he leare,

Wel

Wel said my Lambe (quoth Morpheus) let vs heare,
 Some sayings graue out off Experience schoole:
 Sith thou his Scholler, learned many a yeaſe,
 And hath bene Vlher for to ſee good rule,
 I pray thee now vnto my Clearke declare,
 The flatterers feats, and ſee that none thou ſpare.

And with theſe wordes he mounted ore a hill,
 And Lambe and me left by a riuer ſide,
 Stay, ſtay (quoth Lambe) reſt here and if thou wil,
 Til of my ſpeach thou haue experience tride,
 And ſaying thus, he ſtept into his caue,
 And brought a glaffe of Skill exceeding braue.

Lo here (quoth Lambe) and then began to bleit,
 And made me ſigues to looke within the glaffe:
 Here maift thou ſee (ſaid he) of deepe deceit,
 The total fum, I meane of more and leſſe.
 And by the ſame before thou paſſe ſhalt prooue,
 Who is thy friend, and who diſſembleth loue.

I greedily the glaffe began to graſpe,
 Wherein I ſaw a number that I knew,
 With honnied mouths, yet natur'd like the waspe.
 That at the length their ſtings againſt me threw
 But yet I did diſſemble all the while,
 Because I would perceiue their fraude and guile.

Then looking ſtil within thys glaffe I ſee
 The loftie lookeſ of ſome that ſpake me faire,
 And in their friendſhip ſo imbraced me,
 That outwardly true meaning did appeare,
 When Morpheus Lambe perceiu'd I did the trust
 Take heed betime (quoth he) they are vniuſt.

Theſe

These are Camallians that change to euery color
 They shewe like gold, but inward worse than braffe,
 Looke what they promise makes no purse the fuller,
 As by experience prooфе declares no leſſe.
 Of forrein frayes they tell a bloudy tale,
 But commonly they quarrell with good ale,

Therefore (sayd he) truſt not an alehouse frend,
 Beleeue them not that are accustomed to lye :
 A boasting fouldiours tale, hath neuer end,
 And flattering wordes, be falſe ſo ſhalt thou try :
 Rough trees, rough fruit, rough taſt doe beare,
 See vice and vertue showes, in whom they doe appeare.

And therefore truſt not the vntruſtie man,
 To doe and ſay, doth differ much ye know :
 Great diſſerſe is, twixt Orpheus ſkill and Pan,
 You know the ſenſe, what neede I more to show :
 And therefore he, that violateth fayth,
 I worthy as I ſayd to ſuffer death.

Stay yet ſayd Lambe, behold more of this glaffe,
 See where one bounſeth in a players gowne :
 Furde like a foole, as nice as ere ſhe was,
 The brauest tipling tib, that is within the towne :
 While ſhe at tick tacke, tryes to proue her chaunce,
 Her husband is content, a hornpipe for to daunce.

She is well cuſtom'd, both with rich, and poore,
 Fye of Gentillitie, for ſhe can ſpeake no French :
 Which blemiſheth, her banner, and craks her credit fore,
 And yet notwithstanding, ſhe is a bounſing wench,
 She dayly doth vſurpe, a Gentlewoman's name :
 I liſt to ſpeake no more of her, for bearing blame.

And

And with these wordes this Lambe agayne did bleyte,
 And as it seem'd by countenaunce morned much :
 And sayd oh foolish Poliphils drowned in conceite,
 Why thinke you of your felues, as though there were none such :
 You play Sabinas part, that proud lasciuious Dame,
 Whose vgly life the Poets, haue penned to her shame.

Fiue hundred Aspes milke, the dayly had the bathe,
 For to increase her vice, and bewtie to preferue :
 As at these dayes, our countrey women craue,
 Out of a little hyde, a thong to large they craue :
 For euery poore mans daughter, now is prankt in filke,
 Which doth Sabinas bath, incounter made of milke.

These base-borne birth, Galerias heart exceeds,
 That Neros golden pallaces did disdayne :
 They thinke them flowers, which are indeede but weeds,
 For truth, doth try them, counterfettet playne :
 As some men haue, of velvet scabarts made,
 That dayly couers, a rustie canckered blade.

Of poyson Poets write, that Cleopatra dyed,
 No, no, (quoth Lambe) it is a lye indeed ;
 Her death came thus, in stories as I read,
 By a bodkin that she bought, her heart did bleyd :
 With which she vf'd, to curle her golden haire,
 Wherewith she kild her selfe, it doth appeare.

Loe heare you lewde lasciuious wanton fort,
 That doe delite, to paint your felues in pride :
 No doubt but you, shall finart for youthfull sport,
 When mettell shalbe, by the fire tryde :
 When flaming fire (I say) the gold shall try,
 In Plutos pit, you shall for euer cry.

Thus

Thus prating promisers, hold still your fruitles brags,
 Among your potts, your promises performe :
 Els will the wife, perceiue your wardrop rags,
 And to your shame, will laugh you all to scorne :
 Your mistres tipler, that would so gentle bee,
 For all your furs, your tricks the world doth see.

Learne to speake French, and if you wilbe gentle,
 For French must make you mistres, that's most sure :
 Because your birth is, very base and simple,
 And you a tipler, whose life is nothing pure :
 Learne to know thy selfe, thy neighbours know thee well,
Per foy merritriciam, els will I ring thy bell.

And then aloude this Lambe to laugh began,
 To Limbo lake (quoth he) *la iambe les piedz* packe :
Les leures of such, inticeth many a man,
 To vtter confusion, and euerlasting lacke :
 Loe mistres tipler, if you will gentle be,
 It's more then tyme you come, to learne this French of me,

And at these wordes, a while this Lambe did pause,
 And spying me, a weary of the Tyme :
 Vpon the earth, began to scrape his clawes,
 Friend Robinson (quoth he) thy listning eares incline :
 For now women, that good and vertuous were,
 I purpose by my speach, thou presently shalt heare.

Posthumia was of euill sore accused,
 For merry countenaunce, of ill she was condemn'd :
 Minutius, her husband, her company refus'd,
 And home agayne his wife, did to her parents fend :
 If countenaunce then, so great a vice was thought,
 What say you by the act, this day that's dayly wrought.

In

In Calcedon, both mayds, and matrons vf'd,
 Vnto a straunger, but one cheeke to shew :
 Hierous wife, all peoples breth refus'd,
 Except her husbands, no mans els did know :
 No shewes in Egypt, neuer women had,
 The caufe was this, they hated for to gad.

When in Boetia, the Damfels, married were,
 A noble custome worthie note they had :
 A vertue rare, no doubt it did appeare,
 In thos I say, that loued not to gad :
 Her coyche was burn'd, that day she married was,
 Which signifi'd, from home she would not passe.

The daughters of Lisander, refus'd the rich attire,
 That from Sicilie, was as tokens sent :
 Leaft that the pride thereof, their hearts should fire,
 The glittering shew, they did no deale commend :
 For vertue was, the iewell that they fought,
 All stately dealings, banisht from their thought.

Loe heare sayd Lambe, the life that Ladies liu'd,
 The simpler sort, according calling went :
 One at an others statts enuied not, nor greeu'd,
 Ne yet the Tyme in lewdnes neuer spent :
 No wandring vnto waks, thos dayes did women vse,
 Nor gadding vnto greens, their life for to abuse.

Then was the husbandman, and all his children knowne,
 By such attire, as them became to weare :
 Th'artificer, by pride was not orethrowne,
 Then malice in mens mynds, did not appeare :
 Nor no man would, breake promise at that Tyme,
 Faith, loue, and charitie, in hearts of men did shine.

Now

Now poore mens pride, hath brought the world to nought,
 Their children as I sayd, so pranck in pride :
 Incountring Gentlemen, as neare as may be thought,
 The common wealth, in England hath distroyde :
 And filthy flatterie, these dayes is so imbraced,
 The cogging crew away true meanyng chased.

And with these wordes, this Lambe, lookt on me fast,
 Marke well my speach (quoth he) an other tyme :
 For now thou seeft that Phœbus maketh haft,
 Into the Occidentall flouds for to decline :
 In tyme to come trust thou no flattering friend,
 Nor tipling tib, except, to much thou spend.

The Meretrix, the furred foole doth vse,
 Spy thou and at her mates a litle while :
 For she, and they, shall reape, they may not chuse,
 The fruits they graft, vpon their sinfull foyle :
 As euery wight, doth know their vice vntold,
 Shall ere they dye, their woful end behold.

Thus prefently came Morpheus, back agayne,
 How now my lambe (quoth he) haft done my will :
 Haft told my Clarke, thy mynde & meaning plaine,
 That of the world, he may haue better skill :
 I haue my Lord (quoth Lambe) done what I may,
 Plainly vnto Dunstable, to direct the way.

I thanke thee sayd Sir Morpheus for the same,
 I will that he, and thou, this present tyme depart :
 For that he beares abroad, a writers name,
 I will not stay him longer from his act :
 Thus sodenly I wakened out of sleepe,
 In Dreaming long, this lambe became a sheepe.

Thus

Thus blushing brood, awaken I from sleepe,
 And on the soden, dasht in drowsie dumps:
 Began with speed, for to plucke vp my feete,
 Because the place, did put me to my iumps:
 This desert was, alas unknownen to mee,
 My Hawke, nor Spannels could I neuer see.

But what this lambe by Morpheus meanes did say,
 With diligence, I pen'd that other day.

FINIS.

The Authours name in Verdict.



Emember Lord for Christes sake,
 by mercy to forgeue,
 I n iudgement on thosse people now,
 that finnefully doe liue.
 C ondemne them not that retchles are,
 and doe thy lawes forget,
 H aue mercy on all them, that trust,
 Christes bloud shall pay theyr det,
 A gainst my wofull cries oh Lord,
 shut not thy mercy gate,
 R eceiue my sinfull soule oh God,
 to enter in thereat,
 D oe not condemne me for my guilt,
 let mercy thee perswade.

Reuenge

R euenge not Lord, my wofull workes,
 when I in finne did wade,
 O h God most high and mighty Lord,
 in whom is all my trust.
 B e mercyfull to thosse which are,
 before thy eyes vniust,
 I n time of trouble still I cald,
 vpon thy holy name :
 N ow doe I cry to heale my soule,
 and trust thou hearst the same.
 S uch is thy mercy promised,
 to them that doe relent :
 O , Lord that thou forgeuest such,
 that faythfully repent :
 N othing oh God, doth greeue me more,
 then doth my carelesse race.

O f wicked wilfull wretched workes,
 I call to thee for grace :
 F or why my finnes craue punishment,
 and are as scarlet red.

A nd yet I trust for to be sau'd
 by Christes bloud that shed :
 L ooke downe with louing eyes oh Lord,
 and heare my wofull cry :
 T hy grace extend to guide my feete,
 least I should wade awry :
 O Lord my rude and carelesse life,
 with wild and wilfull blade :
 N ow greeueth me for conscience doth,
 my soule in thee perswade.

FINIS.

My



Y dayes I see, are vayne on earth, my time doth steale
away;

My youth is past, and age drawes neare, my health
doth still decay.

My lennow limmes grow dry & stiffe, my bones be full of payne:
My former pleasures workes me woe, I chaunge to dust againe,
I not delite in mondane mucke, nor in these pleasures vayne:
But in thy kingdome is my ioy, where thou doest aye remaine:
Take heare my faithfull sacrifices of iust repenting heart.
In tyme of death deliuer Lord my soule from Sathanas darte:
All honor glory be to thee, and to thy onely sonne:
Who with the holy ghost be prayse, thy will on earth be done.

FINIS.



AT LONDON
PRINTED BY ROGER WARDE,
for Iohn Proctor, are to be sold at his
shop on Holborne bridge.
Anno, 1589.

N O T E S.

N O T E S.

Dedication.] Gilbert Lord Talbot, to whom this work is dedicated, was the eldest son of George sixth Earl of Shrewsbury (by Gertrude Manners, daughter of Thomas Earl of Rutland), who, under the title of "the noble Hound," is commemorated in the first poem in this volume. Lord Talbot himself succeeded to the title as seventh Earl of Shrewsbury in 1590, and the characters of both father and son are very fully displayed in their original correspondence, and in the memoirs by which they are introduced by Lodge in his valuable "*Illustrations of British History, Biography,*" &c., 4to. 1791. In Mr. Hunter's *History of Hallamshire* also will be found many original facts respecting the Talbot family. In Miss Currer's Library, at Eshton, are some MS. volumes containing hitherto unpublished Letters of George sixth Earl of Shrewsbury. The present Earl has had a transcript made of these letters, the originals having been lost to his family. Earl Gilbert was created a Baron in his father's lifetime, and in 1592 was installed as Knight of the Garter. In 1596 he was sent as Ambassador to the Court of France, and upon the accession of James I. was appointed Chief Justice of the Forests North of Trent. Though well qualified for serving the public, he was but little employed, for Elizabeth had some suspicion of his disaffection to her, and James looked coldly upon him, as too much attached to her memory. His only son died young, and he himself dying in 1616, the title and estates passed shortly after into another branch of the family.

Ibid. P. iv. L. 19. "*patrocinie*"] Patronizing—patrocinium.

Ibid. "*John Proctor*"] Proctor appears to have been a writer as well as publisher. He purchased "this present Treatise" in the regular course of his trade, with a view to its publication, though delayed for two years.

Epistle to the Reader. P. vii. L. 2. "*a Boasting Thrazo*"] A bragadocia, or Captain Bobadil in Terence's *Eunuch*.

Ibid. L. 3. "*a Pick-thanks*"] An officious parasite or flatterer, whose tongue can paint and glose. Sometimes applied to a talebearer.

"By smiling *pick-thanks* and base newsmongers."

Henry IV., pt. 1, act 3, sc. 2.

Ibid. L. 3. "*a Clawbacke*"] A backbiter, talebearer, or sycophant.

"And I had *clawbacks* even at court full rife,
Which sought by outrage golden gain to win."

Mirrour for Magist.

"Like a *clawback* sycophant."

Bp. Hall.

P. 1. "*Golden Mirrours*," &c.] The object of the first poem or vision is to describe the state of England at the period when it was written. We have "a Virgin in rich attire clad," *i. e.* Queen Elizabeth, and her kingdom described as possessing wealth and honour, but "wanting grace," and troubled with internal foes, who appear to be the persons concerned in the Babington and other conspiracies which were prevalent at that time. We have next a long account of the destruction of a Spanish Fleet, which is certainly very extraordinary, if the statement in the dedicatory Epistle could be believed, that "this present Treatise," which was printed in 1589, had been previously in the hands of the Publisher "about two years." For allowing that these two years were very short ones, he must have been in possession of the work before the close of 1587, and the destruction of the Spanish Armada, which it "prognosticates," did not occur until July, 1588. But the more probable solution to this statement of the Publisher will be, that the minor pieces, or etymological poems, had doubtless been in the possession of the Printer for some time, and the poem beginning "When as the Stately Stagge," had only been added when Proctor had determined to publish. The expression "that it foretold (as it were) the comming of the Spanyards and

their ouerthrow to our great vnspeakable good," seems to countenance this supposition. If history attributes the destruction of the Armada to the desperate valour and personal prowess of the English, and still more to the tempestuous violence of the ocean,—and mentions Drake and Frobisher among the most renowned seamen engaged upon that memorable occasion,—so also the Poet, or the dreamer, celebrates

"A faithfull Foule, for seas none like of yore,
A Drake adrest to passe through euyer storme,"

and

"Eolus Furbisher, was ready for to scower
The Spanish cloud, that mischief meant to power."

He then introduces Neptune summoning Triton, Caribd and Silla, and Eolus, and

——— "charging his furious flouds
To swell and rage, vp toward the cloudie skies ;
With greedy jawes devoure vp their bloods
That harme against her noble state devise."

And we find Eolus "with a blustering blast" "breaking Anker, Cable, and also Mast,"

"So that destruction shall acquite their sport."
Foes fled that could, some sanke into the Seas,
The rest as prisoners crau'd of Drake their life.

The dreamer then proceeds to allude to the great joy of the people at their release from foreign and domestic foes :

"With singing, ringing, and clapping handes they sayd,
God save our Noble Queene, our mother and a mayd."

Stanza 1. L. 3. "Marfield forrest"] The Royal Forest of Macclesfield, in Cheshire; sometimes also anciently called the Forest of Lyme.

L. 4. "Shutlings loe"] The scene of the Poet's vision is laid upon the top of Shutlings loe, a very high hill in Macclesfield le forest. It is situated to the south-east of Macclesfield, has a pointed conical top, appearing at a distance like an enormous tumulus or barrow, and is a conspicuous object for many miles around. It is thus alluded to by Drayton in his

Poly-Olbion, p. 172, in conjunction with its sister hill of Molecop, vulgarly called Mowcop.

“As tow’rds the Derbian Peake, and Moreland (which doe draw
More mountainous and wild) the high-crown’d *Shutlingsloe*
And Molcop be thy Mounds, with those proud hills whence rove
The lovely sister Brooks, the silvery Dane and Dove.”¹

L. 6. “*sixe sundry Shyres.*”] The “sixe sundry Shyres” which are commanded in view from the summit of Shutlingsloe are Cheshire, Derbyshire, Staffordshire, Shropshire, Lancashire, and Flintshire: and the “fominge brynish flouds in th’ occident,” also visible from the same hill, are the waters of the estuaries of the Dee and the Mersey.

Stanza 4. L. 3. “*a Virgin*”] Queen Elizabeth.

Stanza 5. L. 3. “*Three Crownes*”] England, France, and Ireland.

Ibid. L. 4. “*Three Princely Lyons*”] The royal arms of England.

Ibid. L. 5. “*The flower deluces*”] The royal arms of France.

¹ The summit of this highest hill in the neighbourhood was selected as his burial place by Samuel Johnson, a dancing master by profession, the eccentric author of “*Hurlothrumbo, or the Supernatural*,” and other strange but not untalented productions, under the idea that on a spot so far removed from all other places of sepulture, he would escape the risk of any old woman mistaking his graceful limbs for her own, amidst the hurry and confusion of the general resurrection. The distance and difficulty of approach to this lofty spot prevented the accomplishment of his wish; but it was so far complied with, that he was buried upon a sand-ridge near Gawsworth, within the bounds of a small coppice, where his tombstone still remains, with a poetical inscription, penned by Tickell, the brother-in-law of Sheridan, which, with a pardonable poetic license, states it to have been his own wish that

“These peaceful groves should shade his breathless clay.”

He died in 1773, and about thirty years afterwards some curious persons, doubting whether he had been really buried in this secluded spot, opened the grave, and such was the extreme dryness of the soil, that the body appeared as fresh and perfect as on the day of its interment. After a few minutes exposure to the air, it crumbled to dust. The reader will find the inscription on his tomb given at length in Ormerod’s *Hist. Chesh.* v. 3, p. 293.

Stanza 6. L. 1. "*a galland garden*"] England.

Stanza 7. L. 3. "*Julius Cæsars seate*"] London.

Stanza 10. L. 5. "*a vyle and wicked brood*"] Papists and Jesuits, names in those days synonymous with conspirators and traitors.

Stanza 12. L. 4. "*a valiant hounds, as white as silver is*"] This was George Talbot, the sixth Earl of Shrewsbury, who had for some time the custody of Mary Queen of Scots. He was Lord High Steward at the arraignment of the Duke of Norfolk, and afterwards Earl Marshal of England. He died November 18, 1590. The supporters of the family arms are two Talbots or hounds, argent.

Stanza 13. L. 1. "*an Eagle, soring in the skyes, with golden fethers*"] An eagle, with wings elevated, or, preying on an infant in its nest, ppr. swaddled gu. banded ar. is the crest of the Lathams and Stanleys: and the person here alluded to under this symbol, was Henry fourth Earl of Derby, who was one of the peers on the trial of Mary Queen of Scots, and Lord High Steward at the trial of Philip Earl of Arundel. He died in 1592.

Stanza 15. L. 5. "*the Lyon*"] Queen Elizabeth, from the arms of England.

Stanza 17. L. 4. ——————“*Vipers blood*:

*(I iudge yt so) because they sought the spoyle
Of none so much, as of their native soyle."*]

Allusion is here made to the “common and vulgar error,” that young vipers at their birth destroy their parent by eating through her womb and belly.—See Browne’s *Vulgar Errors*. Book 3, ch. 16.

Stanza 20. L. 2. "*Dales with Dymbles deepe*"]

“Within a bushy dimble she doth dwell.”

Ben Jonson’s *Sad Shep.* 2, 8.

Stanza 22. L. 4. "*cabbins and caves in England and in Wales*"] i. e. to regard what people they receive in them. This alludes to the strong

enactments against Jesuits, Papists, and other political traitors, who were banished the kingdom; and all persons who harboured or relieved them, were deemed guilty of felony.

Stanza 24. L. 1. "*prest accompre*"] prest d' accomplir. The motto of the Earl of Shrewsbury.

Stanza 29. L. 5. "*Vipers are abord*"] The Spanish forces—so termed from being Papists.

Stanza 29. L. 6. "*th' annointed of the Lord*"] Queen Elizabeth.

Stanza 34. L. 4. "*A faithfull Foule, for seas none like of yore,
A Drake*"_____]

Sir Francis Drake, the well-known circumnavigator and naval commander, was born near Tavistock, in Devonshire, about 1545. He was trained to a seafaring life under the care of Sir John Hawkins, his kinsman, and served under him in the Gulf of Mexico. He made frequent expeditions against the Spaniards in the West Indies, by which he greatly enriched himself and his followers,—and in the memorable year 1588, having been appointed vice-admiral under Lord Howard of Effingham, he and his squadron had a principal share in the discomfiture of the Spanish Armada, flying from the united displeasure of God and man. The latter period of his life was not attended with equal success, and having experienced some severe disappointments, which preyed upon his mind, they threw him into a fever which terminated his life on the 28th January, 1596, in the fifty-first year of his age.

Stanza 36. L. 5. "*Crikes*"] This may mean creeks, or narrow inlets, to escape into, from the French *crique*, a small bay.

Stanza 38. L. 3. "*A warlike Winter*"] An obvious allusion to Sir William Winter, Knight, one of the Lord High Admiral's officers. His name occurs the last in Pine's Engravings of the Tapestry in the Old Palace of Westminster.—See Granger's *History of England*, vol. 1, p. 281. *Harlesian Miscellany*, vol. 1, p. 123, et seq.—He was appointed Surveyor General of the Navy by Queen Elizabeth; and Richard Robinson, "citizen of London," dedicated one of his numerous publications to

this person, of whom we are surprised to find no notice taken in any of our collected biographical works.

Stanza 38. L. 5. "*Furbisher*"] Sir Martin Frobisher or Forbisher, another eminent naval commander, in the reign of Elizabeth, was born near Doncaster, in Yorkshire, and being brought up to the sea, was chiefly employed in his early years in several voyages of discovery in the northern seas off the coast of New Greenland, where he explored the strait or inlet which has ever since borne his name. In 1585 he accompanied Sir Francis Drake to the West Indies as captain of the "Aid," and assisted with him in the glorious defence of his country against the formidable Spanish Armada in 1588, commanding the "Triumph," one of the largest vessels in the English navy. Like his superior Drake, he was rewarded for his services on that occasion with the honour of knighthood. In 1594, being sent with a squadron to the assistance of Henry IV. of France against the Spaniards, he received a mortal wound, in attacking a fort near Brest, of which he died after his return home to this country in that year.

Stanza 39. L. 6. "*Rise Deadmen*"] See *Ephes.* v. 14.

Stanza 40. L. 6. "*Sancta Dominga*"] St. Domingo was one of the places taken by Drake in 1585, from which he obtained a large amount of treasure.

Stanza 45. L. 5. "*Poore clout-shooes gate their clubs*"] *Clout-shoes*, wooden clogs tipped with iron, worn by poor people. *Gate*, past tense of *get*. Poor people seized their clubs. "Clubs and clouted shoon," was a proverbial expression for a rude peasantry, applied to Hertfordshire.—See Ray's *Proverbs*.

Stanza 45. L. 6. "*To wreke*"] To pour out, or vent. To wreak his vengeance, or as here, to wreak his will. Sometimes alone it means to avenge.

"To wreke the love I bore my cousin Tybalt."

Romeo and Juliet, act 3, sc. 5.

"A heart of wreak."

Coriolanus, act 4, sc. 5.

Stanza 47. L. 6. "*To maister Leigh of Ridge, a Gentle Squyre*"] Ridge Hall, to which the Dreamer "did retyre" when he "wakened," is situated at the foot of Shutlings loe, and was at that time occupied by "maister Leigh, a Gentle Squyre," whose family, descended from a younger branch of the Leghs of Lyme, had long enjoyed that property. This was John Legh of Ridge, Esq., who married Grace, daughter of Humphry Cotton of Bold, in the county of Stafford, who survived her husband. He died 42nd Elizabeth, 1600, leaving a son and heir, Peter Legh of Ridge. The estate was afterwards alienated from this family in 1731, and was possessed by the late William Smyth, Esq., the distinguished Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge, who died at Norwich, the 26th June, 1849, in his 85th year, and is now, we believe, vested in his sisters.

P. 11. In this second Vision, Queen Elizabeth is represented under the character of Diana, collecting around her, under the form of "many houndes of sundry names and mightie mouthes," the qualities and virtues upon which she relied for security from her enemies and for the stability of her throne. Accordingly, among "the houndes that were of choyce," we find "Duetie, Obedience, Diligence, Lovewell, Treasure, and Trustie," not omitting also such useful animals as "Findeall, Holdfast, Bowman," &c. The enemies of the Queen appear under the forms of the Wolf, Fox, "beastly belling Bull, Tygar, and wicked Weasels," which all were chased,

"Till to the quirry, a number out of count,
Were brought to reap their iust reward at last."

Under these denominations we do not perceive that any particular individuals are alluded to, but that all the persons engaged in hostility to the Queen, either on political or religious grounds, are here characterized as wild animals chased to their destruction. It is probable that Babington's conspiracy is the event more especially alluded to in this Poem, as the fate of traitors is clearly assigned to the objects of the chase:—

"The heads and quarters of these Carrens vile
I did beholde, where Kites and Crows did eate,
A marke for many that do themselves exile
From Dueties doctrine, and deale by deepe deceit."

It is somewhat remarkable that we do not find any allusion to Mary Queen of Scotland, unless it may be very obscurely traced in the line which concludes so many of the stanzas,

"Here Talbot take it, for thou art euer trew."

This Talbot was the Earl of Shrewsbury (in whose household Robinson was a serving-gentleman at the time), who had during several years the custody of the royal prisoner, and was especially sent to her to announce her condemnation, and to be present at her execution. It is just possible that this unhappy Queen may be the "it" which Talbot is so often charged to take.

Stanza 2. L. 4. "*caused birds to brush them on the bowes*"] i. e. to plume or clean themselves on the boughs of the trees.

Stanza 4. L. 6. "*The poore Knights pallace of pleasure to peruse*"] The Editor was for some time unable to identify the book here alluded to with any certainty, but thought it not improbable that it might have been a collection of stories written by George Pettie, entitled, "*A petite Pallace of Pettie his Pleasure, conteyning many pretie Histories*," &c., 4to. bl. lett., which was first entered on the Stationers' Books in 1576, and was composed in imitation of William Painter's "*Palace of Pleasure Beautified, Adorned, and Well Furnished with Pleasaunt Histories*," &c., 4to. bl. lett., 1566-7, but greatly inferior to that highly popular work. He is now, however, enabled to give the full title of the volume thus noticed by Robinson, from the only known copy, through the important labours of Mr. Payne Collier in his interesting "*Extracts from the Registers of the Stationers' Company*," v. 2, p. 88, published by the Shakespeare Society, a work the importance and value of which to the bibliographical student, can hardly be over estimated. From this volume, the title page of this rare work is here transcribed at length: "*A poore Knight his Pallace of priuate Pleasures. Gallantly garnished with goodly Galleries of strang inuentions:— and prudently polished with sundry pleasaunt Posies, and other fine fancies of dainty deuices, and rare delights. Written by a Student in Cambridge. And published by J. C. Gent. Imprinted at London, by Richarde Jones, and are to bee solde at his Shoppe ouer agaynst Saint Sepulchers Churche. 1579.*" 4to. bl. lett. Of this extremely rare work only one copy is known,

which has recently been discovered in the collection of the Duke of Northumberland, who has preserved it from the chance of destruction, by kindly allowing it to be reprinted for the members of the Roxburghe Club; to whom it was presented by the late Earl of Powis. Mr. Collier has remarked, that at the end of the volume is a poem, entitled, “*The poore Knight his Farewel to his Booke*,” in which Robinson is addressed by name, whence it would appear as if he was a friend of the author of this rare work, whoever he might be, and may also account for the mention of the book by Robinson.

Stanza 9. L. 4. “*chawle*”] Chaule—a jaw, or jaw bone. The meaning of the expression “leade no chawle,” seems to be equivalent to lead no jaw, *i. e.* make no cry, the scent being so warm.

Stanza 10. L. 5. “*the perfyt*”] The Editor can find no satisfactory explanation of this term, but it is described by Twici, a very ancient writer on hunting, as a species of chase. “I chase with my houndis that be huntyng. Another chace ther is, and that is clepid *the perfyzt*.”—M. S. Cotton, 15th century, printed in *Reliquiae Antiquae*, v. 1, p. 151.

Stanza 13. L. 2. “*Lowe well*,” &c.] It is not unlikely that under these names of Duty, Obedience, Pleasure, Lovewell, Diligence, Treasure, Trusty, &c., some of Elizabeth’s statesmen, Burleigh, Walsingham, Essex, &c., may be adumbrated.

Ibid. L. 3. “*rechat*”] Winding the horn in hunting; properly, perhaps, to call off the hounds from a wrong scent.—See *Much Ado about Nothing*, act 1, sc. 1, and the notes upon it in Malone’s edit. See also some curious notices in Nares’s *Glossary* under *Recheat*, and in Dyce’s edit. of *Skelton’s Works*, v. 2, p. 284.

Stanza 17. L. 3. “*querry*”] Quarry, from the French *carree*, a square inclosure, into which the game was drawn when killed. “Cartes go fro place to place to bring the deer to the *querre*. Thee should kepe that no man come in the *querre* till the King come, save the maister of the game.” See Notes to *Macbeth*, act 4, sc. 3, near the end.

Stanza 17. L. 5. "*The Mort*"] They blew a mort at the death of the deer to announce to the distant hunters that the game was killed.—See *Winter's Tale*, act 1, sc. 2.

P. 15. "*Fardinando, Lord Strange*"] This poem is an eulogy upon the noble lord, whose "Etimologie" we find by taking the first letter of each of the first five stanzas, FARDE, and by adding to them the letters of the first eight lines of this sixth stanza, each of which is repeated, NN AA NN DD, and the first letter of the next stanza, O; thus we obtain FARDENANDO.

This nobleman was, at the period when the poem was written, the eldest surviving son of Henry Stanley the fourth Earl of Derby, who is commemorated in the first poem of this volume. He succeeded his father in September, 1594, but was soon cut off in the flower of his age, having been poisoned, as it was supposed, in April, 1596, by an agent of the Jesuits and English fugitives, for refusing to assume the title of King of England, in right of his descent from Mary the second daughter of King Henry VII., and younger sister to King Henry VIII., and at that time Queen Dowager of France, whose grandmother was mother to this Earl Ferdinand. He married Alice, one of the daughters of Sir John Spencer of Althorp, in the county of Northampton, by whom he left three daughters, his heirs general, who succeeded to the baronies of Strange, Knockin, Mohun, &c., with all the estates thereto belonging. He died very greatly lamented, being considered "a man of genius and of a literary turn; and has left some fragments of poetry." Walpole calls him "one of our early bards, and not an unpromising one." How far his character accorded with the eulogy of our visionary, we have not the means of ascertaining: but in Seacome's "*History of the Ancient and Honourable House of Stanley*," 4to. 1767, "it is said that he was allowed by all to be one of the most hopeful peers of the age."

P. 18. L. 28. "*stroyer*"] Destroyer—"stroyed in dishonour."—See *Antony and Cleopatra*, act 3, sc. 9.

P. 20. *Lady Julian Holcroft of the Vale Royall.*] This poem, which appears from the last stanza to have been a complimentary address upon the commencement of a new year, is an eulogy upon Juliana, Lady Holcroft, the daughter and heiress of Nicholas Jennings, Alderman of London, and wife of Sir Thomas Holcroft, Knight, second son of John Holcroft of Holcroft Hall, near Leigh, in Lancashire, who had been an Esquire of the Body to King Henry VIII., whose favour he conciliated, and from whom he received the grant of the dissolved monastery of Vale Royal. He accompanied the Earl of Hertford in his expedition against Scotland in 1544, and was one of the officers knighted at Leith upon that occasion. He was appointed Marshal to Queen Mary, and dying shortly after was buried at Weaverham. Of the Lady Juliana we know nothing more than what we can gather from this and the eulogy on pp. 47-50, except that she died at Vale Royal, July 13, and was buried at the ancient church of Whitegate, near to the abbey gate of the monastery, August 25, 1595.

Stanza 3. L. 2. “*Merula*”] The merle is the blackbird, from the French.

“Where the sweet *merle* and warbling mavis be.”

Drayt. Owl, l. 1292.

It is so used by Burns, Ferguson, and other Scotch writers.

P. 21. Stanza 8. L. 2. “*words in wast*”] Vain talking—idle words. “For every idle word they shall give account.”—*Matt. xii. 36.*

P. 22. L. 5. “*at Hespiaſ*”] This may be an error for *Hesperus*, and the figure may import that Lady Holcroft had lived so privately, that she was unknown except to the rich and poor of her own neighbourhood, until Fame, in the *evening* of her life, sounded her praises to the world. The word *may*, however, be only a contraction of *Hesperides*, and Vale Royal be compared in beauty to those mythological gardens.

P. 23. “*My Lady Countesse*”] This lady, mentioned in the last stanza, was the only daughter of Sir Thomas and Lady Juliana Holcroft, and was married to Edward Manners, third Earl of Rutland.

The “Etimologie” of the Lady Juliana appears in the first letters of the first seventeen stanzas, THE LADI IVLIAN HOLD, the initials of the other lines of this last stanza supplying the remaining letters CRAFT.

Correct orthography was not much attended to in those times, especially upon these etymological occasions. In the title of the poem she is called Holcraft, in the poem itself a D is inserted; the real name was Holcroft.

P. 24. “*Sir Edmond Trafard*”] The verses addressed to Sir Edmond Trafard present but little of the “Etimologie” of his name, for all we can put together of the initial letters of the stanzas are only SIR EDMÖD, the N being considered, perhaps, an allowable omission, the contraction being usually expressed by a line over the preceding letter. The subject of these verses, which are written in six-line stanzas, each of fourteen feet, has no connexion at all with Sir Edmund Trafford, being only a general description of the effects of Time, that bears

“record from first unto the last,
Of present daies, of daies to come, and daies that now are past.”

It

“calls to mind the wretched waies that worldly men do take,”

and announces the great terrors in the hearts of men, when

“God his whips shall use, and Time shall try all;
No state can start by night or day, that Time can not espie,
Nor secret shift so closely lapt, but Time the truth shall trie.”

Our Poet’s personification of Time is somewhat different from that of the venerable old gentleman with his bald head and single forelock, rapidly striding away with his hour-glass and scythe; for instead of this usual representation of our painters, we have here “a Lady swifter than the wind,” “shaking a razor sharpe, with a frowning face and thretning speach.” The Poet thus concludes his address with the following couplet:—

“Beseeching God with Nestors age your worship may increase
With health, and wealth, and newe yeares ioy, and so my pen doth seace.”

Sir Edmund Trafford, Knight, was the eldest son of a brave sire, who received the honour of knighthood from the Earl of Hertford in Scotland, and who was with Henry VIII. at the Siege of Boulogne. The son was born on the 3rd of June, 1526, and married (1) Mary, third daughter of Lord Edmund Howard, third son of Thomas second Duke of Norfolk.

Her sister was Katherine Howard, Queen of England. She appears to have died without issue, and Sir Edmund married (2) Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Ralph Leycester of Toft, in Cheshire, and relict of Sir Randal Mainwaring, Knight, of Over Peover, in the same county. He was a zealous promoter of the principles of the Reformation—"a bitter enemy of the Catholicks,"—and took an active part in the affairs of the parish of Manchester during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. He died at Trafford in 1590, æt. 64, and was succeeded in his estates by a son of the same name.

P. 26. "*A triple foorded riuor*"] This, probably, points to the etymology of the name of "Trafford," which is said to be derived from the A.S. *tred*, a step, allusive to the stone *steppings* across the *ford* of the Irwell at Barton, near the house.

Ibid. "*before the conquest was*"] "Randulphus filius Randulphi," occurs shortly after the Norman invasion in a deed from Sir Hamon de Massy, mentioned in an ancient vellum roll, still in possession of the Trafford family.

P. 27. "*Sir Peter Leigh of the linne, Knight*"] The Sir Peter Leigh of the linne, Knight, here alluded to, was of Lyme, and was the son and heir of Peter Leigh of Lyme and Haydock, Esq., who died December 4, 1541. He was one of the Cheshire gentlemen who were knighted at Leith in the year 1544: and "the right worshipfull Maister Peter Leigh, his heire apparent," was his grandson, who was likewise knighted, was Sheriff of the County in 1595, and also one of its representatives in Parliament. He married Margaret, daughter of Sir Gilbert Gerard, Knight, Master of the Rolls, by whom he had a numerous family. She died July 29, 1603, and was buried at Fulham, in the county of Middlesex, where a monument to her memory, erected by her husband, still exists. He died at Lyme, February 17, 1635-6.

His "Etimologie" is to be found, as in the other poems, in the initials of the stanzas, PETER LEIGH ESSQVYER. The verses are without any allusion or address to either of these two persons, but, like those of the preceding poem, represent Time as a Goddess "thrise swifter then

Syr Neptuns stremes," with "a razour in her hand," shewing that "the earthly state should haue a soden chaunge, and all that is, should nothing bee;" recounting the destruction that she has wrought in the world; denouncing the evil that exists, and proclaiming that

"Reuenge from skies with fiery flames
Shall now at hand deuour and wast
All mortall men vnto their shames,
Except where grace and vertue's plast."

P. 31. "*M. Thomas Leigh of Adlington, in the Countie of Chester, Esquire*"] This little poem, like the preceding, has no reference to the person to whom it is addressed, but only "purports the nature of Time," who, as before, appears under the form of "a Lady which flew as swift as winde," armed with a "knife" or "razor sharpe to cut the vital thred," and furnished with wings, which were not mentioned in the former descriptions,—charging all persons

"Remember Time began all thinges, at first when all was made,
Time at the last shall cause againe al thinges to wast and fade."

This poem is more infected with alliteration than many of the others, though symptoms of the disease appear in all. It is not divided into stanzas, but consists of lines of fourteen syllables each, separated into sections at the end of each word of the name, which, composed of the initials of each line, discloses the "Etimologie" of THOMAS LEIGH ESSQVYAR, which is repeated, except that the second time the last word reads ESSQVIER. This Mr. Thomas Legh of Adlington was the son of a gentleman of both his names, by Maria, daughter of Richard Grosvenor of Eaton: he was High Sheriff of the county of Chester in 1588, and died in 1601, aged about 50 years. He was succeeded by his son and heir, the father of Sir Urien Legh, who was knighted by the Earl of Essex for his conduct at the siege of Cadiz, and is said to have been the hero of the celebrated ballad of "The Spanish Lady's Love," printed in Percy's *Collection of Ancient Ballads*, vol. 2, p. 256, and of whom there is a portrait in a Spanish dress preserved at Bramall Hall. But other traditions have mentioned Sir Richard Levison of Trentham, in Staffordshire, as the subject of this ballad. Sir Urien Legh of Adlington

married Margaret, daughter of Sir Edmund Trafford, addressed in the foregoing poem. We may suppose that the Leghs, who are very numerous in this county, for it is proverbially said that "in Cheahire there are as many Leighs as fleas, and Davenports as dogs' tails," were not at that time so fastidious as they have since been about the orthography of their names. The Adlington family always spell their name Legh, and would be horrified at the sight of the little interloping i.

Ibid. L. 1. "*thacke*"] To thwack, or beat hard.

P. 33. "*A Psalme*" &c.] This Psalm, to the note or tune of Psalm vi., discloses the "Etimologie" of the same gentleman as the last poem, with the very slight addition of a final E, THOMAS LEIGHE ESSQVYAR.

P. 35. "*The Ladi Marie Edgerton of Ridley, in the Countie of Chester.*"] Like many of the others, the present poem is a dream; and in it appears Mars, as "an armed man with bloody blade," recounting with considerable force and spirit the horrors and desolations of war. It appears from the last stanza, to have been like some, perhaps all, of these visions, a new year's present to the person to whom it was addressed, concluding with

"Beseeching God that sits to iudge, to guyde your dayes in peace,
With health, long life, and ioyfull years, and worship to increase."

THE LADI MARI EDGERTON, whose "Etimologie" is disclosed in the initials of the stanzas, was the daughter of Sir Richard Grosvenor of Eaton, Knight, widow of Thomas Legh of Adlington, Esq., mother of the Thomas Legh, to whom the last two poems were addressed, and the wife of Sir Richard Egerton of Ridley, in the county of Chester, Knight,—the same Sir Richard whose illegitimate son was Thomas, afterwards the illustrious Lord Ellesmere, Viscount Brackley, Lord High Chancellor of England. This Lady was a Roman Catholic, and as in those days so many of that persuasion were engaged in traitorous conspiracies against the Queen, that the persuasion itself was almost considered as the sign of

a traitor; and as Puritanism, which in another reign was synonymous with rebellion, much prevailed in the neighbourhood of her ladyship's residence at Ridley, she became a mark both for political and religious persecution; and it appears from letters still in existence, that she was greatly indebted to the earnest interference of some of the most illustrious persons in the kingdom for obtaining from time to time a respite of proceedings against her. The interference of such persons in her behalf, instigated perhaps in some degree by the rising interest of the future Chancellor, is a strong testimony in favour of the piety and excellence of her character; and that she was personally beloved and respected, may be inferred from this poetical address to her by one who, from his works, appears to have been strongly opposed in feeling to the tenets professed by this Lady, and firmly attached to Queen Elizabeth, whose throne and life were supposed to be endangered by the "Papistes and Excommunicates."

Lady Egerton was confined along with others a prisoner in Manchester as a recusant, through the active exertions of Dr. Chaderton, then Bishop of Chester, and hopes were entertained that she might be prevailed upon, through the ministrations of the clergy sent especially to visit her, to abjure her tenets, and conform to the Protestant Church. But neither arguments nor threatenings availed anything, and she continued steadfast and inflexible to her own faith and persuasion. The reader may see some curious extracts from letters relating to the sufferings of this pious and afflicted lady at this period of her life, given by Mr. Ormerod in his *History of Cheshire*, vol. 2, p. 160. Notwithstanding, however, the persecutions and sufferings which she underwent on account of her religion, she attained to a great age, and dying in 1599 was buried at Astbury in Cheshire, in the chancel of which church her monument still remains, containing an effigy of herself habited in a close cap and ruff. She was connected by marriage herself, or by those of her descendants, with several of the families eulogized in these poems,—the Leghs of Adlington, Holfords, Warburtons of Arley, Breretons, &c. And, indeed, it would appear that nearly all the families alluded to by the Poet were allied by marriage or otherwise, and this circumstance might probably form a clue to his choice in selecting the subjects of his poems.

P. 35. V. 2. L. 3. "*Among the shrubs I shrouded was*"] This will remind the reader of the opening of the Vision of Piers Ploughman, and,

indeed, many of these Verses seem to have been composed on the plan of that alliterative and figurative Poem, in which the dreamer is represented as falling asleep, from weariness and fatigue in ascending a lofty hill, and in his vision appear to him painted the passing scenes and events of the world under the form of an allegory. It is clear that the author of the present work had studied that early allegorical poem.

Ibid. V. 4. L. 2. "*The gleids*"] Red hot coals.

"As glowynge gledes."

Vision of Piers Ploughman, p. 361, l. 11800.

P. 37. V. 1. L. 1. "*laid on lurch*"] To lie on lurch, is to lie aside or in ambush to catch what passes; hence *lurcher*, a dog which hunts unfairly.

Ibid. V. 2. L. 3. "*thrate*"] The past tense of to threat, or threaten.

Ibid. V. 4. L. 4. "*I rested by a pleasant pool, fast by a little heath*"] This seems highly descriptive of local scenery, and so minute in its application to Ridley Pool or Mere, alluded to in Nixon's Prophecy, and now filled up, that the Poet doubtless here refers to it.

P. 38. *M. Peter Warburton of Arley*"] These verses, like many of the others, have for their subject the progress and effects of time, accompanied with sundry moral admonitions against its waste, and encouragements to make good use of that which is granted, by the practice of virtue and exercise of benevolence.

The "Etimologie" of M. Peter Warburton is so imperfectly disclosed, that it might be supposed some stanzas were lost from the original manuscript. The initial letters of the existing stanzas are PETR WARERTO.

History does not record anything of this gentleman, except that he was the son and heir of Sir John Warburton of Warburton and Arley, Knight, by Mary, daughter of Sir William Brereton of Brereton, Knight, and was the father of six daughters, but dying without heirs male in 1613, his estates passed by bequest to his nephew, Peter Warburton of the Lodge, in Crowley, Esq., who married a daughter of the Lady Mary Egerton of Ridley, already noticed in these poems. Sir George Warburton, Bart., the last male heir of this family, died in 1813, and bequeathed his estates

to his great nephew, the eldest son of the Rev. Rowland Egerton, M.A., and of his wife Emma Croxton, the niece of Sir George. In consequence of this devise, the Rev. Rowland Egerton assumed the name and arms of Warburton, in addition to his own, by sign manual.

P. 42. V. 2. L. 7. "*Els in the snares*"] In the Parker Society's "*Select Poetry of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth*, vol. 2, p. 367, there is a typographical error in their reprint of these Verses in this line, "Els in the *shares*," which destroys the sense of the passage.

P. 43. "*George Brereton of Ashley*"] Of the GEORGE BRERETON ESSQVIAR, whose "Etimologie" appears in the initials of the lines of the three verses, nothing more appears to be recorded than his birth, marriage, and death, and the number of his family. He married Sybil, daughter and heiress of William Arderne of Timperley, Gent., by whom he had several children. He died in October, 1587, and was buried at his Parish Church of Bowdon. His eldest son and heir, William Brereton of Ashley, Esq., married one of the six daughters and co-heiresses of Peter Warburton of Arley, Esq., to whom the preceding verses were addressed.

P. 44. "*Ieffrey Shackarley of Holme and Shackarley, Esquyer.*"] The verses upon Ieffrey Shackarley are a series of sage and prudential maxims recommended for his practice and adoption. This gentleman appears to have been Sheriff of the county of Chester in 1610, and to have died in 1618. He married Jane, daughter of Sir George Beeston, Knight, of Beeston, in the county of Chester, who acquired reputation and favour from Henry VIII. by his conduct at the siege of Boulogne, where he was chosen one of the royal band of pensioners. He afterwards distinguished himself at the battle of Musselburgh, and ultimately commanded the "Dreadnought," in the defeat of the Spanish Armada, at the advanced age of eighty-nine, and was knighted by Queen Elizabeth for his valour on that occasion. He closed a life of honour and renown at the great age of one hundred and two years, and was buried at Bunbury, October 13, 1601, where a fine monument to his memory still exists.

The "Etimologie" of IEFFRAY SHACKCARLEY appears in the

initial letters of each line of the verses. The Shakerleys were slightly connected by marriage with the Earls of Shrewsbury, for the father of "the noble hound," commemorated in the first poem, had for his second wife, Grace, daughter of Robert Shakerley of Longsdon, in Derbyshire, or, according to other authorities, the widow of Robert Shakerley, uncle of the above Geoffry. Perhaps she was both, for her maiden name has not been discovered.

P. 45. "*Maister Hugh Shackerly.*"] The verses upon Maister Hugh Shackerly, son and heir of the preceding, are also moral and prudential maxims, but better suited to the condition of a young person. The "Etymologie" of Maister HEWGH SHACKCARLEI may be traced in the initials of the lines. This gentleman, who died in the life-time of his father, was the grandson of Sir George Beeston, and if he thus derived his birth from an ancestor remarkable for illustrious achievements, amongst his descendants was one who, in his day, was as remarkable for great eccentricities. Peter Shakerley, Esq., the last male heir of the family, who was born in 1709, and died in 1781, was a confirmed believer in a millennium, but it was one of his own construction: he supposed the world, with all its affairs and inhabitants, to revolve in a circle of one thousand years, and that at each corresponding period, the same scenes were enacted by the same persons. As far as themselves were concerned, he was successful in making a convert of his favourite old groom, but this venerable and faithful attendant could not extend his faith as far as the reappearance of the brute creation, for when his master, in the midst of his enjoyment of a delightful ride, turned round and claimed his servant's participation in the anticipated recurrence of the same pleasure at the end of a thousand years, John acquiesced, though rather sorrowfully added, "Yes, Master, but surely not on th' same tits." The old gentleman was so satisfied with the comforts he had enjoyed on earth, that, to save himself trouble when he should reappear, and as much as possible find all things as he had left them, he built himself a strong square house, with walls about nine feet thick, which might endure till his return: and this substantial mansion now forms the old part of Somerford Hall, near Congleton, which was greatly, but not so substantially, enlarged by the late possessor, about the year 1800.

P. 46. "*Maister Ieffray Shackcarley Esquyre.*"] The next verses upon the Geoffry Shakerley who was before addressed, consist of three stanzas of six lines each, whereof the first four have alternate rhymes. The subject of them is the fickleness of fortune, with admonitions to "watch her chaunging face,"

"For those that most doe stand within her grace,
From age to age, haue cause to trust her least."

The "Etimologie" discovered in the initials of these lines is somewhat defective, for we find only the following letters: IEFFAY SHACK-CARLEY.

Ibid. L. 13. "*the hexte*"] Highest.—Chaucer.

P. 47. "*Lenuoy.*"] To the last verses properly belongs the succeeding stanza upon the same subject, and to them it is properly *L'envoi*, or the conclusion, though separated from them by the printer's interposition of the word FINIS. *L'envoy* means an epilogue or moral to a poem, to make plain some obscure precedence.—See Shakespear's *Love's Labour Lost*, act 3, sc. 1.

Ibid. "*Lady Julian Holcroft*"] The Lady Juliana Holcroft has already been noticed as the subject of a previous series of stanzas, in which her "Etimologie" was traceable in the initials of some of the stanzas. In the present verses, which are also stated to be upon the "Ethimologie" of her name, we must at once confess that we have not been ingenious enough to discover it. The chief object of them is to eulogize her ladyship, to hold her forth as an example to other ladies, and to express fervent wishes for her health and happiness. He proclaims her

"A Lady living at these daies
Whose worship Fame doth spread,"

and, enumerating many of her virtues, exclaims to his female readers,

"Doe thus and then, the harts of men
You win in euery part."

He asserts the sincerity of his eulogy, for as he proved, so doth he praise, and concludes with imploring blessings upon her :

“God blesse her still from time to time,
From dangers, woe, and paine,
That she in worship still may shine,
And long in health remaine.”

P. 48. Stanza 1. L. 9. “*harre*”] Higher.

P. 49. Stanza 4. L. 9. “*Pick thankes*”] See note on this word at p. 66.

P. 51. “*The last Dreame.*”] In this last dream of our visionary, Morpheus introduces to him “a Lambe,” who shews to him, in “a glasse of skill,” the true characters of some in whom he had placed undue confidence :

“Wherein he saw a number that he knew
With honnied mouths, yet natur'd like the waspe.”

Calling upon him to “behold more of this glasse,” he exposes to him some

“Who dayly do usurpe a Gentlewoman's name,”

and produces examples from ancient history of females

“Whose vgly life the Poets haue panned to their shame.”

Then “spying him a weary of the Time,” he calls upon him to incline his listening ears,—

“For now women, that good and vertuous were,
I purpose by my speech, thou presently shall heare.”

Having produced examples of such worthy females, and having eulogized that time when

“Faith, loue, and charitie, in hearts of men did shine,
Then presently came Morpheus back agayne,”

and dismissing the “Lambe,” allowed the poet also to depart,

“For that he beares abroad a writers name,
I will not stay him longer from his act.”

Ibid. “*A Lambe*”] In this poem Robinson certainly makes it appear that “the Lambe” was an astrologer, and it is not improbable that some

allusion may be here made to the celebrated Dr. Lambe, a noted astrologer and fortune-teller who lived at that time, and whose "glass of skill" in exhibiting the features of the Author's friends or foes is afterwards noticed. He was found guilty of sorcery and magic at Worcester, early in the reign of James I., but escaping present punishment continued to live after that period, and was finally beaten to death by a mob in the streets of London on the 18th June, 1628. It is possible, however, that nothing more may be intended in this part of Robinson's poem than a continuation of the constrained allegory.

Ibid. Stanza 1. L. 3. "*a drosie dump*"] A sleepy melancholy or dulness.

P. 52. Stanza 2. L. 6. "*Cho ho hath croken bill, her maister left astray*"] "*Cho ho*" was a cry which the Falconers used while the hawk was upon the lure, in order to reclaim her.—See Turberville's *Booke of Falconrie*, 4to. 1611, p. 129. The whole line seems obviously to allude to the hawk which had a *croken* or crooked bill, and had gone astray after the partridge.

Ibid. Stanza 5. L. 6. "*leare*"] *i. e.* learn.

P. 53. Stanza 2. L. 6. "*A glasse of skill*"] This was probably the beryl, a reddish crystal much used by astrologers to delude the weak and ignorant, who were led to believe that upon looking into this dark glass of skill, they would see things past and future. Dr. Dee's "glass," or great globe of crystal, which was famous for its magical powers, was not unique, as all the astrologers of the day possessed the same.—See Wright's *Narratives of Sorcery and Magic*, vol. 1, p. 228, &c.

P. 54. Stanza 4. L. 2. "*See where one bounseth in a players gowne, Furde like a foole, as nice as ere she was,*" &c.]

It is just possible that these lines may contain a personal allusion to some well-known character of the time. *Quere*, whether to Mistress Moll—the famous Moll mentioned by Shakespeare.

Ibid. L. 4. "*Tippling tib*"] A somewhat tipsy jade. *Tib* was formerly a common generic name for a low person.

Ibid. L. 5. “*Tick tacks*”] *i. e.* tric trac, a game something like back-gammon, played upon tables by two persons, frequently alluded to by our early writers.—See *Measure for Measure*, act 1, sc. 3. John Taylor’s *Motto*, 8vo. 1622, sig. D. iv.—It is here used metaphorically, and has reference to the wife playing her husband false.

Ibid. Stanza 5. L. 2. “*Fye of Gentillitie*”] An exclamatory parenthetical passage, equivalent to, a truce to gentility.

P. 55. Stanza 1. L. 3. “*Poliphils*”] or *polyphils*, may mean flatterers, who pretend to be so fond of many people, in order to take advantage of them.

P. 56. Stanza 2. L. 6. “*Per fay merritriciam*”] By my faith mere-tricious!

P. 57. Stanza 4. L. 5. “*No wandring unto waks*”] The festival Sunday of the Saint to whom the Parish Church is dedicated, and celebrated with great rejoicings. In the country parts of Cheshire and Lancashire, and especially of the former, the congregations are generally unusually large on these days, attracted partly by the music, as the best singers of the district assemble, and perform anthems and choruses sometimes in a manner which would not disgrace our Cathedral choirs. The excellence of the chorus singers of this district is well known. The festivities of the wakes are continued for some days, and at these seasons the country people generally pay an annual visit to their friends and relations.

Ibid. L. 6. “*Nor gadding unto greens*”] For the purpose of dancing at the celebration of the May-day or Whitsuntide festivities, that being the favourite amusement on these joyful and holiday occasions, and the village green the scene of the rural merriments.

P. 58. Stanza 1. L. 2. “*prank in pride*”] Dressed up ostentatiously. It occurs in Shakespeare’s *Winter’s Tale*, act 4, sc. 3.

“And me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank’d up.”

Ibid. L. 6. "cogging"] Cheating or deceiving.

Ibid. Stanza 3. L. 1. "The Meretrix, the furred foole doth use"] This line clearly refers back to that on p. 54, stanza 4, l. 3, and both, perhaps, to the employment of a fool of old in houses of ill fame.

Ibid. Stanza 4. L. 6. "Plainly vnto Dunstable to direct the way"] "As plain as Dunstable road" was a proverbial expression from the straightness and openness of that road. Thus, "Downright Dunstable" was used to signify a plain straightforward person.—See Ray's *Proverbs*.

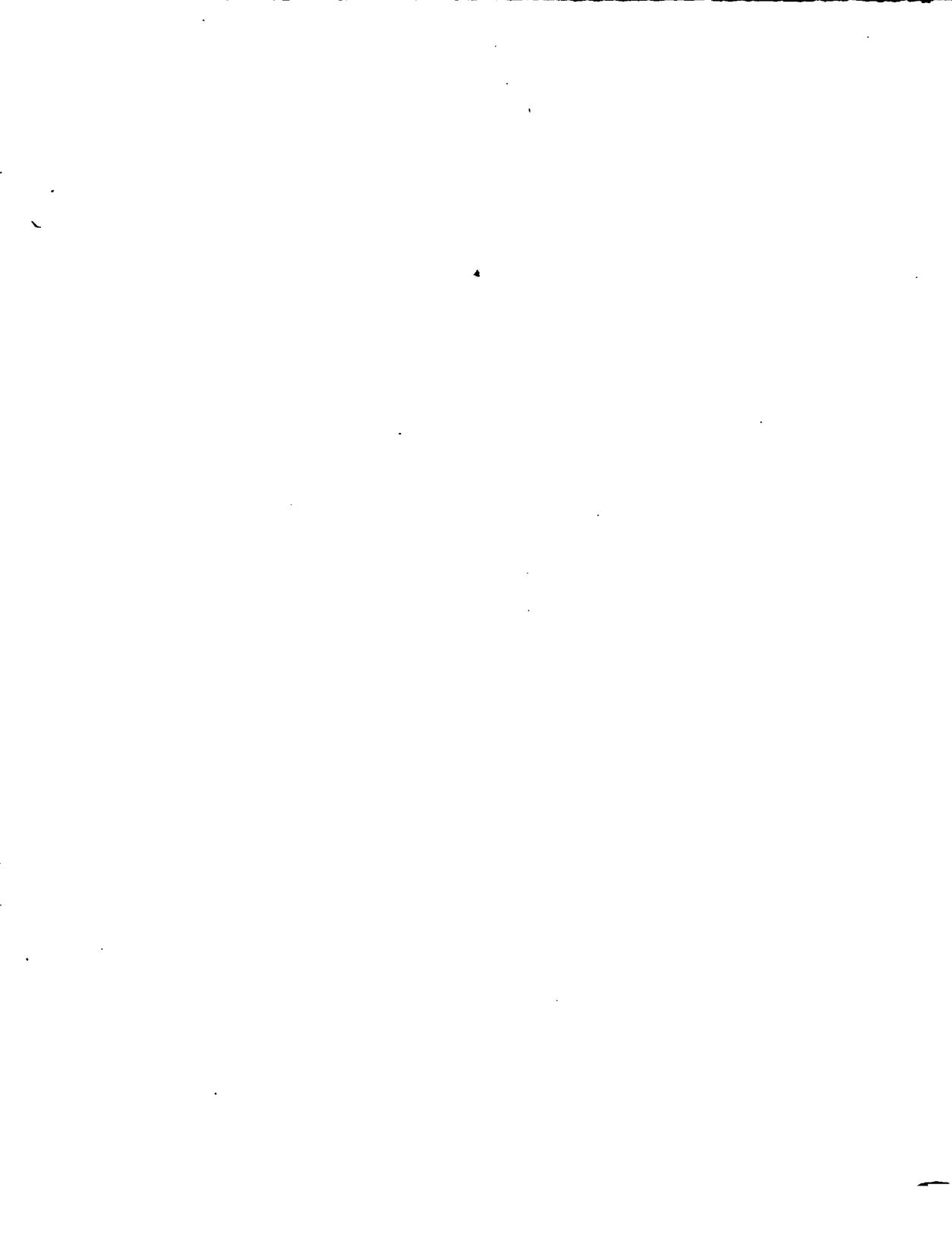
Ibid. Stanza 5. L. 3. "For that he beares abroad a writers name"] i. e. "because Robinson has the name of an Author abroad, I will not detain him longer from the exercise of his art." *Act* is clearly a misprint for *art*.

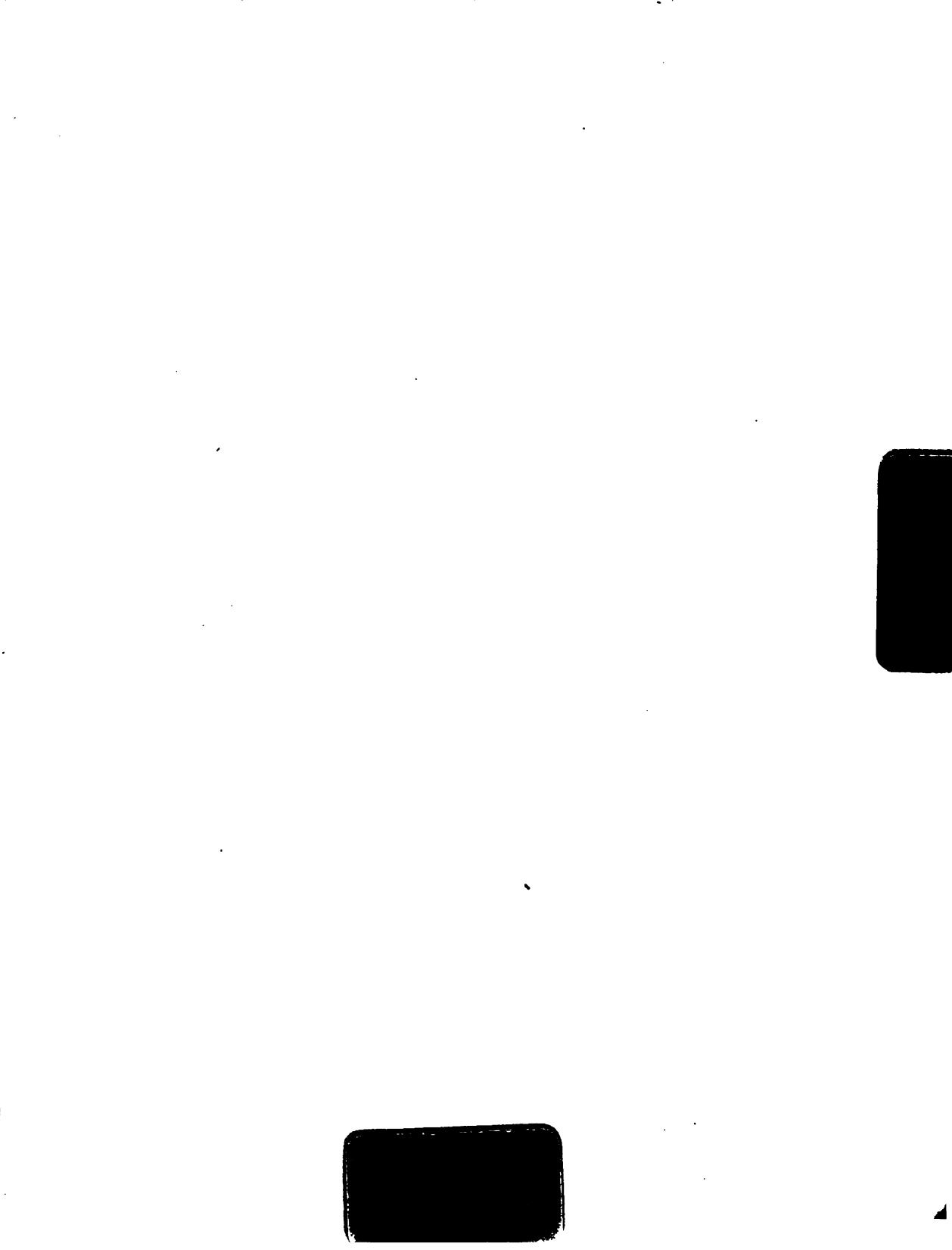
P. 59. Stanza 1. L. 4. "put me to my jumps"] i. e. to my shifts, or to my wits.

Ibid. "retchles"] Reckless, negligent.

P. 61. L. 3. "lennow"] Lean, thin. From the A. S. *lænig*, weak, lean. *Lenyie*, lean, occurs in Barbour.

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